

The Daily Mirror

THE MORNING JOURNAL WITH THE SECOND LARGEST SALE.

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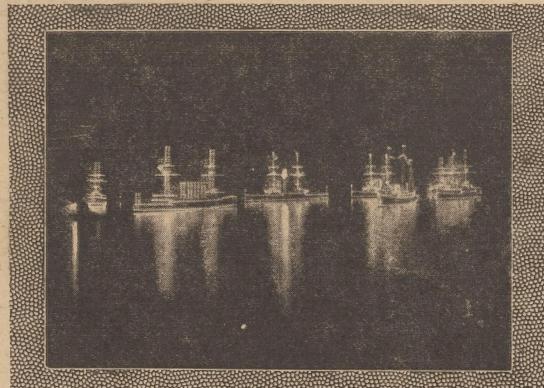
One Halfpenny.

“A PENNY FOR THE LIFEBOATS.”



On Lifeboat Saturday the usual appeal was made for the up-keep of the life-saving fleet. All classes contributed. Our photograph shows a soldier giving his penny to this worthy philanthropy.

THE QUEEN AT MALTA: FLEET ILLUMINATION.



Her Majesty was enthusiastically received at the island naval station. This photograph shows the fleet lighted up in her honour.

YOUNG LADY FARM LABOURER.



Miss "Jack" May, daughter of a retired naval captain, in order to learn farming; took a place as labourer at Mr. Smith's farm, Hockenden, Kent. Photograph No. 1 shows her digging. No. 2 with her "guv'nor" (note the costume). No. 3 the staff of the farm, with Mr. and Mrs. Smith.

KING'S ACCIDENT AT NEWMARKET.

His Majesty Struck in the Back by a Horse's Head.

NARROW ESCAPE.

Singular Fulfilment of a Prophecy Made Last Year.

The thousands who attended the Newmarket races were unaware of an alarming accident which took place. Happily his Majesty escaped without injury.

When leaving the course at the end of the day's racing the mass of traffic surrounding the royal carriage was suddenly brought to a standstill by the vagaries of a motor-car which refused to proceed.

The car was immediately in front of the King's carriage, and it was only by the promptness and skill with which his Majesty's coachman pulled up that a collision was averted.

But the driver of the vehicle immediately behind the King's carriage was not so skilful. He failed to pull up in time, with the result that the horse's head struck the King in the back.

The horse of the carriage immediately behind that which had collided with the royal vehicle became restive, and mounted its front feet on the conveyance in front of it. For a few moments there was considerable commotion, but the three carriages were soon separated.

ACCIDENT PREDICTED.

By a singular coincidence Mr. William Heald, the well-known chromoscopy expert, foretold to the *Daily Mirror* that a mishap of this character would happen to the King at Newmarket. His prediction was made at the end of last year to the following effect:—

When the King goes to Newmarket in May he will have an accident. It will, fortunately, not be a serious mishap, but his Majesty's escape from a dangerous injury will be very narrow.

KING'S NEW MOTOR-CAR.

Forty Horse-Power Mercedes To Take His Majesty About the Country.

Ruddy bronze in colour and a picture of power is the King's new Mercedes motor-car, which has just been added to the royal motor stud at Buckingham Palace.

It is the latest pattern of car turned out by the famous Cannstadt firm, and at its top speed will do between forty and fifty miles an hour. It will be the fastest car the King possesses.

His Majesty driving the fine weather frequently prefers to travel by motor-car, and the special use, we understand, of the new car is to convey the King on the longer distances, as between London and Sandringham.

With the car a chauffeur trained at Cannstadt has been brought. Although the King is subject to no speed regulations, His Majesty seldom exceeds the twenty miles an hour limit, and his explicit instructions are that a moderate pace only shall be observed when his car is passing through towns or villages.

MONTH OF ROYAL GAIETY.

Enthusiastic Welcome for Our Coming Visitor, the King of Spain.

Great preparations are afoot for the entertainment of the boy King of Spain, who will be the guest of King Edward in the leafy month of June.

Prince and Princess Arisugawa of Japan are also visiting this country shortly, and the royal holidaymakers are assured of an enthusiastic welcome by the people.

Then there is also the impending wedding of the young Swedish Prince and Princess Margaret of Connaught. So that the month of June will run in a round of royal gaieties.

J.P. BECOMES DUKE-MARQUIS.

Mr. J. Edwin Cole, J.P., of Swineshead Hall, Boston, has established his claim to the Austrian dukedom and Marquisate of Polignano, on the Adriatic.

The marquisate dates from the sixteenth century. In 1730 the then marquis became a duke, and Mr. Cole inherits through the female line. But there is no money attached to the titles.

BATTLES EXPECTED.

Forward Movement in Manchuria—Rojestvensky To Attack.

In St. Petersburg it is believed that the Japanese armies in Manchuria are about to commence a combined movement towards a general attack.

A skirmish is reported in which the Russian columns were dispersed by the Japanese with heavy loss.

Part of the Baltic Fleet, consisting of the auxiliary cruisers, is reported by the Parisian papers to have returned to the coast of Indo-China. The ships are now anchored at Port Dayot, whether Admiral de Jonghers has gone to see that there is no violation of neutrality.

It is believed in Saigon that the best vessels of the Baltic Fleet are now making for Vladivostok with all the speed at their command.

The "Main's" St. Petersburg correspondent says that the Naval General Staff contradicts the report of Rojestvensky's supersession. It is affirmed that he is in good health, and will go out in search of battle if Admiral Togo does not come out to engage him.

RUSSIAN COWARDICE.

Officers and Men Said To Have Been Executed in Hundreds.

According to the "Scotsman," a message from Harbin has been received in St. Petersburg official circles relating the execution for cowardice of sixty Russian officers and several hundred rank and file.

The ghastly slaughter is said to have produced a sickening effect upon the foreign officers who witnessed it, the men being shot down like rabbits.

The whole of the Russian army in Manchuria is said to be suffering from the effects of demoralisation due to the long series of Japanese victories.

LORD SELBORNE'S NEW ROLE.

Sympathetic References to the Troubles and Trials of the Farmer.

BLOEMFONTEIN, Saturday.—Lord Selborne arrived here to-day, and drove through streets filled with cheering crowds to the Town Hall, where addresses of welcome were presented to him.

In reply Lord Selborne said it would be a special pleasure to him to be connected so closely with this farmer's colony. He had himself been a farmer for twenty years, and knew the difficulties of a farmer's life, and also its difficulties, anxieties, and disappointments.

His lordship contrasted the certainty of manufacturing with the uncertainty of farming. The farmer, he said, was formerly allowed to work out his own salvation, but it was otherwise nowadays.

Subsequently amid the booming of the guns of the fort and the strains of the National Anthem, Lord Selborne took the oath of office.—Reuter.

VICTIMS TO "SCIENCE."

Degenerate Student's Callous Indifference to Human Life.

A strange story of unexampled callousness is given prominently in the Buda-Pesth newspapers.

Ahmed Sherkash, the degenerate son of a wealthy landowner of Gurie, on the Caspian Sea, when at the university delighted in psychical research.

On his return home with two college friends, Ahmed expressed the belief that every seventh wave was bigger than its fellows, but he had discovered a substance which, if cast into the sea, would have the effect of reducing the waves immediately around to the placidity of a mill-pond.

To test his discovery he induced three children of a woman on his father's estate to land on a low rock which just protruded from the sea.

A fierce storm came on, and the children were drowned, the young Asiatic coolly remarking: "My discovery has not had a fair opportunity. The children must have lost their heads."

SQUIRE FORBIDS "PLAIN TEAS."

Picnic parties have suddenly been issued to his tenants by the squire of Scorton, near Lancaster, that excursionists are not to be supplied with refreshments.

Picnic parties were on Saturday reluctantly refused supplies by the villagers for the first time. Even treble prices were refused. During previous summers there has been quite a busy trade in "plain teas."

GIRLS KILLED BY LIGHTNING.

BERLIN, Saturday.—Severe thunderstorms have been experienced in various parts of Germany. At Halle lightning struck the building of a labour colony, killing two girls, and injuring eight others. Eight persons are reported to have been killed and eight injured in all. Great damage has been done to farms.—Reuter.

BOY'S REMORSE.

After Two Days Tells How He Saw a Playfellow Drown.

Harry Gilbert, a boy of ten, living in Filbert-street, Leicester, made a sensational statement to the police on Saturday.

In company with two other boys, one of whom was Sidney Twigg, aged ten, he went fishing in the River Soar on Thursday. Sidney fell in, and as not one of the other boys could swim, they helplessly watched their schoolmate sink a third time. Trembling with fear, they told no one. Harry Gilbert lived opposite his lost playfellow, and knew the parents were searching in vain for him.

For two nights he could not rest, and at last told his grim story to the police, who successfully dragged the river.

BOATING MISHAP.

Three Men Cling Successfully for Dear Life to Capsized Vessel.

Considerable excitement was caused on the parade at Worthing yesterday morning by a small sailing-boat, caught in a sudden puff of wind, capsizing about a mile and a half from the shore.

Several boats put off to render assistance, but, despite the utmost exertions, nearly half an hour elapsed before they reached the capsized craft, to which three men were clinging for their lives. They were George Belton, boatman, and two Worthing tradesmen, Messrs. Mills and Pollard. The latter was so exhausted that he could have held on a minute longer.

UNWEPT SUICIDE.

Lady Artist's Murderer Buried Before a Hostile Crowd.

John Ware, the supposed murderer of Miss Breton, the lady artist, at Hatherleigh, was buried in the village churchyard late on Saturday in the presence of an unsympathetic crowd.

Not a single relative was there, but the vicar, the Rev. R. W. Banks, read several prayers over the grave.

Difficulty was experienced in obtaining the services of four bearers, so strong was the feeling against the dead man, and the Okehampton guardians are arguing as to who should pay the expenses of the interment.

POLICE ON STRIKE.

Novel Scenes in French Town—Soldiers on Point Duty.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Sunday Night.—A novel kind of strike is in progress at Lyons. After holding several meetings to show their dissatisfaction, the policemen of Lyons went on strike on learning that the Prefect had decided to dismiss several of their number. The civil authorities consequently made an appeal to the Military Governor, and during the day soldiers replaced the police in many places. Gendarmes have also been drafted into the city from the neighbourhood.

The strikers, faithful to their instincts of law and order, undertook to cause no disturbances. The inhabitants sympathise with the strikers, who include detectives, secretaries, and clerks, in addition to policemen.

DOVER MYSTERY.

Believed to belong to Dublin, a well-dressed man, aged about thirty, died in Dover Hospital yesterday from wounds in the throat said to be self-inflicted.

He was found unconscious in a ditch near St. Margaret's Bay, where he had lain throughout Friday night. He gave his name as George Rawson. A tab on the inside of his waistcoat bears the address, Thompson and West, Mullan-street, Dublin.

COMFORTS FOR THE PIGMIES.

All the pigmies who have reached Cairo from Ituri forest have been provided with plenty of warm clothing, and with thick great-coats with hoods to pull over their heads.

They are all now in fairly good health, says Reuter, and there appears to be no reason to fear the journey to England and back for them, if they are carefully looked after, and if they do not stay in Europe too late.

MODEST MR. WARNER.

Very many people were attracted last night to St. Mary-at-Hill, the Rev. Wilson Carile's famous church, as it was generally believed that Mr. P. F. Warner, the famous cricketer, would read the lessons.

Unfortunately, however, Mr. Warner asked Mr. Carile to excuse him, on the ground of more urgent domestic calls upon his time.

VICTIMS OF RASH MOTORISTS.

Remarkable Series of Mishaps Marks the Week-End.

RACING CAR WRECKED.

An unusual number of motor-car accidents have taken place during the week-end.

One of the most serious was that which befell a man who was found lying senseless and wounded at Cowbridge, on the main road from Bridgend to Cardiff.

When he recovered consciousness at a neighbouring cottage he explained that he was walking home about midnight on Friday, when a motor-car suddenly turned round a very dangerous corner.

Although he was knocked over, the occupants of the car did not stop, but pursued their way towards Cardiff at a rapid rate.

GENERAL'S DAUGHTER HURT.

A somewhat similar occurrence was reported at Windsor on Saturday.

Miss Adlercron, daughter of General Adlercron, of Park Lodge, Benfield, near Windsor, was proceeding on her bicycle along Tilchurst-lane, when a motor-car, proceeding at a great rate, struck her pedal. She was thrown to the ground and rendered unconscious. The driver of the car proceeded on his way and a reward is offered for information that will lead to his identity.

A motor-car accident at Alnwick (Northumberland) has resulted in injury to two persons. Messrs. Reavell and Douglas, with a chauffeur, were driving down the steep road from Alnwick Moor to Clayport when the brake refused to act, and the motor-car ran into the footpath.

The wheels broke, and Mr. Douglas, jumping to save himself, fell on his face and was severely cut, while the chauffeur was bruised. Mr. Reavell escaped with a shock.

WELL-KNOWN MOTORIST'S ESCAPE.

Mr. Cecil Edge, on his Napier, had a narrow escape in the Isle of Man on Saturday in practising on the course for the Gordon-Bennett motor-car trials, which take place next week.

Owing to the dust raised by a car in front of him, Mr. Edge failed to see a turn in the road at Cronkberry, and ran into a hedge. He and his companion were thrown on the top of the hedge, but both escaped with a slight shaking.

The front of the car was smashed and the right wheel broken off. It was necessary to send it to special steamer to England for repairs.

Injuries of a serious nature were sustained by the Rev. Reginald Oakley, curate of High Wycombe, while he was out on his motor-bicycle on Saturday.

He was participating in the 100 miles reliability trials, but when he reached the top of Bell-street, High Wycombe, the fork of his machine broke and he was thrown forward on his head. His skull was fractured, and he was taken to an adjacent cottage.

It was reported against John Marshall, a chauffeur, of Violet Hill, St. John's Wood, at Grantham on Saturday that, driving a motor-car at a furious rate at Colsterworth, he ran into a cow and carried it a distance of twelve yards. The cow's leg was broken, and the animal had to be slaughtered. Marshall was fined £20 and costs.

TRIED TO BRIBE THE POLICE.

Frederick William Sharpe, chauffeur, whose address was given as Grosvenor House, London, the residence of the Duke of Westminster, was summoned before the Berkshire magistrates at Windsor on Saturday for exceeding the legal limit.

Sergeant Tanser said Sharpe passed the caution-board near the tapestry works, Old Windsor, where there are several dangerous corners, at a speed of nearly twenty miles an hour.

When stopped, Sharpe said to Tanser: "I cannot square this job up. I am out with a friend for a drive. If you will write to me I will make it worth your while." Tanser replied that the police did not do business like that.

The chairman said that as Sharpe had tried to bribe the police the magistrates had decided to fine him £10.

MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

Louis Chevrolet on Saturday did the mile in a motor-car from a standing start in 52 45-seconds, at New York, thus establishing a world's record.

On arrival at Queenstown from Melbourne the Glasgow ship Isle of Arran reported the deaths at sea of the master, Captain Patterson, and the second officer.

Regarded in Brussels as a respectable member of society, a man named Sezza has confessed to having committed robberies in London, Liverpool, and Buenos Ayres.

Experiments which have been made in Spanish waters for the purpose of directing torpedoes in the sea by the aid of Herzian waves have given entirely satisfactory results. The invention is due to a telegraph employee.

GIRL FARMER IN MAN'S DRESS.

Tackles the Hardest Outdoor Work with a Will.

NEW CAREER FOR WOMEN.

Miss May, or, as she prefers to be called by her friends, "Jack," is one of the most interesting and one of the happiest ladies in England. Yet there is no lady in the world who works harder for her living.

Her ambition is to be a farmer, and she is going the right way to work to be a really practical one. At present she is content to earn her wages as a kind of foreman labourer on Mr. Smith's farm close to St. Mary Cray. Her career has been varied, for she was a nurse in South Africa during the war.

The *Daily Mirror* found this enterprising little lady hard at work in the stables at Hockenden Farm, sunburnt and the picture of health. Laughingly she consented to be photographed in her working kit, consisting of breeches and gaiters, stout brown boots, and business-like flannel shirt.

"I can turn my hand to everything on the farm now," said Miss "Jack," "and I would not give up this life for anything. I go to market with the 'governor,' and if he is away I look after the farm. I have had hardly any sleep for the last fortnight, as I have been sitting up all night with a valuable horse that has been ill. Unfortunately it died yesterday morning."

Cleaning Out a Pig-Stye.

"At first people were quite amused about the 'lady-farmer,' but now they are all used to it, and take no notice. Strangers always imagine that I'm a boy, and at several places where I go with Mr. Smith they think I am his eldest son. My hair being close cropped deceives them. People are sometimes shocked at my costume, and one dear old lady suggested that I should wear skirts to my ankles. Just fancy the state I should be after cleaning out a pig-stye, for instance."

"I first fell in love with the idea of farming when I was in South Africa. On my return to England I went to Swain's College. But there I could not learn enough of the regular side of farming, though it's a grand place for horticulture, and one of the girls from there is head gardener to the Governor-General of Natal. So I came to Mr. Smith for six months, and have been with him for eighteen."

"You are a must, now, and I am doing very well indeed. Of course I hope to take a farm of my own one day, if I cannot make it pay, but my plans for the future are not quite decided."

Miss May's fellow-labourers are all devoted to her, and the most perfect comradeship exists between them. At five in the morning she is up and out in the fields, doing whatever is necessary—riding, driving, ploughing, sowing, milking, everything that made life so joyous for the "Farmer's Boy."

Hard Work and No "Parties."

"No, I don't go out to afternoon parties and that sort of thing," continued Miss May. "I am here working for my living; even when I am at home for a bit in London I long to be back on the farm again. I really think, from the short experience I have had, that women can become practical farmers. There is no need for them to do the very hardest work; a farmer rarely does. But they ought to know how to do it, and how it should be done."

"I have never felt so well in my life, and although I had enteric when I was in South Africa there is nothing the matter with me now. It's far healthier than the ordinary society life, and intensely interesting. I am sure women can succeed if they try."

"Yes, if they are all like you," said the "Governor" approvingly.

And then it was time for "Farmer Eve" to drive the visitor to the station.

FAMILY CHARGED.

Alexander Robertson, his wife, and their nine-year-old and seven-year-old daughters, appeared at the Thames Police Court on Saturday charged with being concerned in the theft of a quantity of draper's goods.

It was stated that the children were seen to take a number of articles from a draper's stall, and that a large amount of similar goods were found at Robertson's home.

Mr. Dickinson, remarking that the case had assumed a serious aspect, granted a remand, in order that the Treasury might take up the case.

OUTWITTING THE DOCTOR.

Sir Robert Ball told an amusing story at a lecture last week on his experiences of travel on the coast of Ireland.

A poor woman fell sick on Tory Island, which bears the lighthouse whose light is first seen by passengers from America to Liverpool direct. The nearest doctor, ten miles away, insisted on payment in advance. When he wanted to return to the mainland the price asked for a boat was £2.

TSAR AS NURSE.

Absent-Minded Emperor Turned on Boiling Water for His Heir.

Ridicule is thrown by the Russian revolutionary party on the story of an alleged attempt to assassinate the Tsarevitch by plunging the child in hot water.

Like most stories, however, the fiction is declared to have had a basis of fact.

So careful are the parents of the royal child that no hands but their own are permitted to touch him. In pursuance of this policy the duty of bathing the Tsarevitch was formerly performed by the Emperor of All the Russias.

His absent-mindedness, however, nearly brought about a catastrophe, according to a correspondent of "Lloyd's."

The story goes that the Tsar one day, while fulfilling his duties of bathing his child, was, mentally, much perturbed by thoughts of whether Rojestvensky would beat Togo or Togo Rojestvensky, and while the basin was full of water out of tap he forgot to open tap C, and was going to plunge his own son with his own hands into the boiling water, when the Tsaritsa suddenly appeared on the scene and snatched the child from the hold of his would-be—though involuntary—assassin.

Since that day the office of bathing the Imperial child was transferred to the Tsaritsa.

MISS CORELLI'S GONDOLA.

Lady Novelist Spends Her Leisure Gilding Up and Down the Avon.

Miss Marie Corelli is causing another stir in Stratford-on-Avon by the novel way in which she is spending her leisure hours.

On Wednesday last Miss Corelli launched a fully equipped Venetian gondola, which she purchased last Christmas from Venice.

She has christened it "The Dream," and the gondola is one of the most picturesque sights on the Avon, being exquisitely draped with scarlet plush.

That everything might be in character Miss Corelli has engaged "Giovanni Fenzo," a Venetian gondolier, who explained in an interview that he had lived on a gondola in Venice practically all his life.

£50,000 FOR MASTERS.

High Prices for Gainsboroughs the Feature at the Huth Sale.

The sale of the Huth collection of pictures at Christie's on Saturday exceeded all expectations. It realised over £50,000.

Thirteen of the pictures sold on Saturday realised over 1,000 guineas, the highest price being 4,550 given for Gainsborough's portrait of Mme. Vestris, the celebrated dancer.

The other most notable items were:—

	Gns.
Gainsborough—Portrait of a Lady	2,900
Hogarth—The Beggar's Opera	1,000
"—Taste in High Life	1,000
Morland—Morning	2,000
"—The Coach Stable	1,000
Coote—A River Scene	2,650
Watts—Daphne	2,000
"—Landscape	3,000
Constable—Society Cathedral	1,700
Gainsborough—Duchess of Devonshire	1,000
Jess, J. F.—The Commentator of the Koran	1,050

This last picture realised 2,550 guineas at the Bowmen sale in 1893.

CAPTIVE IN A CHIMNEY.

Painful Predicament of a Sweep Who Escaped Being Roasted.

A very painful experience of a chimney-sweep has just proved the sensation of a Glamorgan village.

He went to sweep the chimney of the residence of a deaf housewife. His brush became wedged, and when he ascended to remove it he himself got stuck.

The housewife, who had been out, was surprised not to find the sweep. Thinking he had departed she lit the fire, being unable to hear his cries of distress. Her efforts were rewarded with a volume of smoke, and when her husband arrived he looked up the chimney and saw a leg. He pulled it at and the leg came off. With a shriek of horror he fled, exclaiming, "I've killed him." He did not know the sweep had a cork leg.

Finally the imprisoned man was released, the occupiers screwed on his cork leg, and he went on his way rejoicing.

CAPTAIN PRINCE "EDDIE."

A naval event of no mean importance takes place next week, when the vessel from which Prince Edward of Wales's pennant will first fly, regarded as a brig, will leave the Medway. It is understood that the King will be present at the subsequent launch on Virginia Water.

LAST DAY OF LIFE.

No Hope of Reprieve for the Masked Murderers.

"GLAD TO DIE."

Alfred and Albert Stratton, who must die tomorrow for having murdered poor old Mr. and Mrs. Farrow in the oil-shop in High-street, Deptford, were interviewed on Saturday for the last time by their mother and relatives.

They stood outside the condemned cells, and a grille divided them from their friends. "It's my birthday to-morrow," said Alfred sardonically; "I'm twenty-three." When he was informed that the Home Secretary had declined to interfere with the course of the law, he remarked: "I never expected anything else."

Albert was asked if he feared his fate. "It's no use," he replied; "they've got us, and we've got to go through it."

Owing to Alfred's bitterness towards his brother, the two men have been strictly kept apart, and it will not be till the hour of their death arrives that they will look upon each other's faces for the first time since they were condemned. Elaborate precautions will be taken to prevent Alfred attacking Albert. They will be hanged simultaneously.

Albert has written a "confession" of his share in the crime. He denies that he took part in the actual murders. He was "scouting" while Alfred was in the shop, but afterwards went with him to the sink at the rear, and helped him to remove the blood from his clothes. This "confession" will probably be published after the execution, All their belongings they have willed to their sister.

Alfred Draws in His Cell.

Several visits have been paid to the brothers by the Rev. Mordarn Crofton, who has ministered to most of the murderers condemned in recent years. They listen patiently. Knowing Alfred was fond of drawing, he took to him in the cell some artists' materials.

To his sister when he last saw her Alfred said: "My life has only been an existence. It is women, women; I am glad I am leaving them."

A middle-aged woman named Morgan was sent to prison for two months at Greenwich on Friday for assaulting a woman-witness against the Strattons; on Saturday a man named Smith, charged with stealing beer, pleaded that he wanted to be sent to prison that he might see his friends the Strattons. He was remanded, but to Brixton, not Wandsworth, where the Strattons are.

Nearly a century ago, on February 18, 1818, a tallow-chandler named Bird, aged eighty-eight, was brutally murdered at Greenwich, near the site of the Farrow's shop, and his housekeeper also.

MINT IN A FLAT.

Charges of Wholesale Coining in West and North London.

Two important cases of coining occupied the attention of suburban police courts on Saturday.

At West London Arthur Courtney, William Jones, and Mary Courtney were remanded on charges of uttering and being in possession of counterfeit coin.

The male prisoners were arrested at Notting Hill, with counterfeit florins in their possession, while in a flat at Percy House, Sulgrave-road, Shepherd's Bush, where the female prisoner lived, a complete coining plant and a stock of counterfeit coin was discovered.

At North London William Taylor and Mary Lea were charged with being in possession of counterfeit coin.

Taylor was arrested in the street with counterfeit florins in his possession, and at the house where the prisoners lived a further supply was found.

The prisoners were remanded.

LOGIC OF THE HOMELESS.

When Thomas Taylor, a labourer, found himself intoxicated in High-street, Thames Ditton, early on Saturday morning, he sang "The Last Rose of Summer," and asked to be arrested.

On the constable refusing, he exclaimed, "Why should I lay under a hedge and ruin my constitution when I can get a cheap night's lodging at the police station?"

Fined 2s. 6d.

BANKS COMPETE WITH POST OFFICE

The Post Office Savings Bank is meeting with keen competition in Nottingham. In January the Nottingham Joint Stock Bank opened a savings bank department at all branches, and sums of a shilling upwards were received on deposit, repayable on demand. The Nottingham Banking Company thereupon made 10s. the minimum for opening an account. Now the Birmingham District and Counties Bank are prepared to open current accounts for £1 upwards at all branches.

PARIS "DAILY MAIL."

First Issue of the Continental Edition Ready To-day.

To-day there will be a London daily newspaper in Paris, at breakfast-time for the first time in the history of newspaper enterprise.

Until to-day the inhabitants of Paris have been obliged to await their London paper until delivered by the post; now the Paris edition of the "Daily Mail" is an accomplished fact.

All last night the news in the "Daily Mail," gathered in every quarter of the globe by special correspondents, was being sent over the special telegraph wires which connect the central office in London with the Paris office, and in each city a complete staff of compositors and printers were producing the paper.

The initial difficulties of such an undertaking were heightened by the fact that the English and French telegraph staffs understood only their native languages. The orders which have been pouring in for several days past prove the satisfaction with which the Paris "Daily Mail" is greeted.

And it is not only in Paris that the effect is to be seen. In other important centres in the south and centre of Europe there is in almost all cases a gain of at least ten hours in delivery.

It is only when one has witnessed the eagerness with which the London daily newspaper is awaited in the chief Continental cities, not only by the residents English, that one can fully understand how great has been the need of such an enterprise as this.

BRITAIN'S BULWARKS.

Christening Ceremonies of a Great Battleship and a Cruiser.

The British Navy received on Saturday three magnificent additions.

H.M.S. Africa, the longest and heaviest battleship ever built in Chatham Dockyard, was launched to the strains of "Rule, Britannia," Lady Londonerry performing the christening ceremony.

Thousands assembled in the dockyard and on the opposite shore of the Medway to see the huge vessel of nearly 18,000 tons glide into the water. She has been built in less than fifteen months, and is the first of the eight "Colony" battleships ordered in 1903.

At Glasgow the Countess of Dundonald christened the first-class armoured cruiser *Cochrane*, of 13,350 tons, and H.M.S. *Dominion*, just completed, left the Barrow works of Vickers, Sons and Maxim for Portsmouth with a navigating crew of 380 men.

THE YOKE OF MARRIAGE.

When It Can and When It Cannot Be Removed.

Alderman Crosby granted the wife of a burly coaster named Solomons a separation order, carrying a payment of 8s. a week, at the Guildhall on Saturday.

It was proved that Solomons had made his eleven months of married life a time of tribulation and danger to his wife.

Nevertheless, Solomons got into the box and declared that he had the "heart of an angel," and lived in terror of his wife's violence.

"What! You a great, strong man, and she a poor, little woman!" exclaimed the alderman. "Nonsense!"

At North London, on the same day, a young man applied for a separation from his wife on the ground of the violent temper of his stepdaughter, aged eighteen.

His application was not granted. The magistrate complained that people seemed to think they could get separation orders as easily as railway tickets.

ONE HOUR FOR CHARITY.

Music-Hall Artist Gives Part of His Salary to a Poor Woman.

One of the prettiest stories of charity ever told hails from the Alhambra Theatre of Varieties.

A poor Yorkshire spinner, Miss Caroline Page, of Allerton Moor, read that Mr. Sylvester Schaffer, the many-show performer, was drawing £300 a week.

In a long, neatly-worded, and convincing letter, she wrote: "Only an hour's worth of your income would seem riches to us."

Mr. Schaffer was touched, and his sympathy took practical form. He decided to grant the lady her request, and caused to be placed on the poor woman's table a handful of sovereigns. Her joy was unspeakable, and Mr. Schaffer will never be sorry for what he has done, though he may be deluged with begging-letters for some time to come.

Subject to the life interest of his sister, Mr. John Fanning, of the Royal Thames Yacht Club, left the whole of his estate (£212,740) to the town of Wexford Branch of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, to be applied for the benefit of distressed sailors or their wives.

WIFE PURSUED BY SEASIDE LOVER.

Extraordinary Letters in the King's
Proctor Case.

'WOMEN LIKE DYNAMITE.'

A desperate flirtation by letter between two people who had never spoken to one another—who had merely seen one another on the Eastbourne front. A married woman, with grown-up daughters, "for fun," playing at being the enchantress of a middle-aged Lothario whose voice she had never heard.

Many strange tales are told in the Divorce Court, but rarely one so strange as that which Saturday's sitting brought to light.

"It was very silly," said Mrs. Annie Amelia Smith, wife of a retired Nottingham lace manufacturer, the lady who was the heroine of this ridiculous Eastbourne comedy, when she had to repeat all about it in the witness-box.

But silly and ridiculous as it all was, it had had grievous results. Mr. Smith has got a divorce from his wife—a divorce that the King's Proctor is now seeking to upset.

Mrs. Smith went to Eastbourne when matters between herself and her husband were conducive to what afterwards happened.

Yearned for Love.

The position was explained by a letter read in court from wife to husband after the silliness had had serious developments. This letter said:—

Have you ever shown your love for me? If you had, it would never have come to this.

There is no woman in this world who likes being loved more than I do. I have asked you hundreds of times if you loved me, and your reply has always been, "Oh, you will do."

It is characteristic of a man to throw over a woman directly he gets his ambitions or desires gratified.

A frequent visitor to Eastbourne, for he lived near, was a Mr. Barnes. He met Mrs. Smith on the front, and stared at her. He used to follow her, bring himself face to face with her, and stare at her again. He stared at her through the boarding-house windows.

At first she resented the man's rudeness. Then a friend assisted the comedy. Mrs. Smith was told that the stayer was pining away for love of fier. Would she receive a letter from him?

Remarkable Letters.

"Just for fun," she consented, and these are some extracts from the letters that the staring man sent:—

I am very pleased to hear you admire my wicked, dark, flashing eyes. Everyone tells me I am naughty, but I am nice.

You did look fetching this morning. Do you think I am going to do what you ask and forget you? Let me know when your bubbie is away, and then we will make arrangements. I am always to be found at Alfreton, in Sussex. Ta-ta again, dear.

Could you not get to know my wife and get her to introduce me to you? What devils we men and women are! Don't you think so, Eve? I think I am too wicked for you. Write as soon as you can, Eve. Ta-ta. This blot is a good lingering kiss, my love. Hadn't you better burn this letter?

Then followed this letter:—

My Dearest Eve,—Is it not strange that all naughty things are the nicest? You say you would be perfectly good if it were not for me. Poor me, I get all the blame. Women are like dynamite; you never know when they are going to go off. Now, dearest, send me your photo. The wife will not see it. If she does she will not know who it is.

First of all Mrs. Smith sent back notes to the staring man. Then she went for walks with him. Then she let him kiss her. These were the steps by which the grievous trouble came.

Mr. Smith went to Eastbourne and thrashed the staring man on the promenade. But, in spite of what had come to his knowledge, he took his wife back to his home at Cromer.

It is this "condonation," combined with the fact that it is alleged that Mrs. Smith allowed the divorce to go undefended on receiving the promise of an allowance, that forms the ground for the King's Proctor's intervention.

While in the witness-box she said that when the staring man asked for her photograph she sent him a little pig, a charm that hung from her bracelet, with the message: "Take this instead. It is more like me."

The hearing was adjourned.

BAN OF PIGEON SHOOTING.

After the end of this year there will be no pigeon-shooting at Hurlingham. A resolution to that effect, proposed by the Earl of Anстster on Saturday, was carried by 504 votes to 174. It has been well known for many years that the Queen dislikes pigeon-shooting exceedingly.

HOTEL SIEGE SEQUEL.

Manager Obtains Damages in Curious Libel Action.

As a sequel to a miniature state of siege in a Southport hotel, a curious action for libel was concluded in the Liverpool Assize Court on Saturday. It was brought by Henry Gascoigne, manager of the Prince of Wales Hotel, Southport, against an aged resident and magistrate, Mr. Benjamin Armitage, a retired Manchester cotton manufacturer, who had been residing in the hotel.

For some time there had been unpleasantness between the manager and Mr. Armitage, and the latter ignored a notice to quit delivered to him, his wife, and niece, who had occupied rooms in the hotel for seven years.

A fortnight ago Mrs. Armitage and niece went away, but Mr. Armitage still remained. The libel complained of was embodied in a letter written to the chairman of the hotel company, and contained this passage:—

We don't like your manager's social connections outside this hotel. What respectable woman does? We don't think Mrs. Sadler would care to sit very near her or have anything to do with her. The staff say they are married, or are living tally. Sometimes he is missing all night, yet he poses here as a respectable man.

Mr. Armitage, it was stated, had thrown reflections on the manager's association with a Southport young lady, but these aspersions were denied by the lady and the manager.

The Judge said he did not know what the jury thought, but certainly, after hearing the evidence, he was amazed that the plea of justification should have been put on record. He could not help feeling sorry that up to the end there had been no withdrawal of a single word, and that, on the contrary, in a half-hearted sort of way, it was insinuated that the charge might possibly be true.

The jury found a verdict for the manager for £175, and judgment was given accordingly.

WHISKY "BANK-NOTE."

Sailor's Chance Omnibus Acquaintance Finds Himself Object of Suspicion.

Well dressed and evidently a man of some intellectual attainments, Andrew Monahan, who is twenty-nine years of age, was remanded at Bow-street on Saturday as a suspected person.

He fell into the hands of the police through an encounter he had with a sailor named Fleming, whom he met on an omnibus.

According to the evidence, he invited Fleming, who sailed on Saturday morning for America, to go with him to the Charing Cross Hotel.

He was overheard to remark that he had plenty of money, and produced a document resembling a bank-note, which he said he would get changed. He then returned and said they could not change it at the office. He then asked Fleming if he had any money, and the man said he had not.

Monahan was then arrested, and it was found that the "bank-note" was an advertisement for whisky. He had £d. in his possession, but he told the magistrate that he was in negotiation with a firm with a view to taking up an agency for their whisky in Australia.

250 PER CENT.

Lieutenant Finds He Has Made Unsatisfactory Bargain with Moneylender.

Lieutenant Herbert Coventry Basset Osborne gave on December 30, 1904, a promissory note for £270 to a moneylender named King, of New Oxford-street. The note was payable on March 30, 1905.

He received in return £170, of which £5 was withheld as expenses. The rate of interest works out at 250 per cent.

On Saturday King sued Lieutenant Osborne for the money in the King's Bench Division, before Mr. Justice Jelf.

Mr. Barron, who appeared for Lieutenant Osborne, stated that the sum of £200 had been paid into Court.

Judgment was given for £200, and King was ordered to pay costs of the action, Mr. Justice Jelf remarking that the bargain was a harsh and unconscionable one.

STRANGE VITRIOL-THROWING CASE

A very curious case was adjourned at Portsmouth on Saturday, when Robert James Handy was charged with throwing vitriol over Louise Pottle, his sweetheart, two years ago.

Terrible injuries were inflicted on the girl, because she broke off the engagement, and after the affair Handy disappeared, and was not arrested until last week.

The young woman, it was stated, had died since the warrant was issued—presumably from bronchitis, but the doctor was of opinion, though unable to prove it, that death was accelerated by her injuries.

GREAT BILLIARD MATCH.

Roberts v. Stevenson at the Caxton Hall To-day.

MASTER AGAINST PUPIL.

By S. A. MUSSABINI, Author of "Billiards Expounded."

We shall have to go as far back as the year 1870, when young William Cook put an end to the twenty-odd years' supremacy enjoyed by John Roberts (father of the present John), to find a billiard match which can in any way compare with the great test of skill due to commence to-day at the Caxton Hall, Westminster.

John Roberts, "the wizard of the cue," the "billiard phenomenon," as he has been called, easily the first representative of the past generation of billiard-players, meets, in H. W. Stevenson, the recognised champion of the modern school. All the world over intense interest is being centred in this exceptional game.

Old-timers swear by John Roberts. They cannot believe in his being defeated. But the younger generation, with whom many expert critics agree, as strongly support Stevenson. In a way, therefore, it is the old school against the new.

Until the present billiard season John Roberts had not graced our match saloons from the spring of 1900, when he started on a world's tour. At that time he was a peerless cueman—in every sense of the word. Practically, he stood in an unassailable position. He was the father of scientific billiard-playing, and the leader, far and away in front of all, of the now very fashionable "top-of-the-table" game that stands as a direct evasion of the prolific spot-stroke of monotonous memory.

For years and years before his globe-trotting expedition John offered what seemed to be the fabulous odds of a third of the game—6,000 points in 18,000—to all-comers. A wonderful proportion of successes attended his efforts. "The Napoleon of billiards" was a pet title given him by his admirers.

Thirty Years' Junior.

To recount all the wonderful performances linked to John Roberts's name would require more space than can be given. Chief among these are breaks of 821 (made in Glasgow this year) and 584, scored according to the present code of rules. Under the now obsolete spot stroke and push-barred game he compiled the extraordinary run of 1,392.

In the course of a 514 break, when playing the late Scottish champion, J. G. Sala, at the Egyptian Hall, he accomplished the very remarkablefeat of scoring no fewer than the last 372 points of it by means of 124 consecutive losing hazards off the red ball.

Stevenson, who is nearly thirty years younger than his rival, also has claims of the highest kind in the way of big deeds. Until he strung together a wonderful 802, his previous highest effort of 788 stood as the best on record under the existing rules. In several of his games with Charles Dawson, a player whom he has at last back-marked after a five years' struggle for supremacy, Stevenson creidt himself with some unique deeds.

There is no getting away from the fact that his fine play of the past two years has given him the necessary credentials to meet John Roberts in the forthcoming match.

Gamo's Fastest Scorer.

The public will not believe, until they see and know the thing is possible, that John Roberts can be out-sprinted on the billiard-table. In the match under notice he has set himself to concede Stevenson the long start of 2,000 points in 18,000.

Long as the odds against him seem to be, the greater proportion of the billiard community think he will be able to render a good account of his task. To them he is still the peerless cueman who can conjure up three-figure breaks at will, despite the weight of increasing years, mention of which reminds me that John is within a month or two of fifty-eight years of age. For all that he retains his form marvellously well.

There is the same alert style, the same dash and go which have made him the fastest scorer the game has yet known. Last week he was again showing to Londoners that his hand has not lost its cunning, and that he can command the balls as of yore.

It is not unfair to Stevenson to point out that in his meeting with the veteran champion he can hardly hope to enlist the sympathies of the crowd as his more famous opponent will surely do. Most will recognise that he sat at the old man's knees and learnt all he knows of the billiard art.

It is, therefore, once again the eternal question of the pupil challenging comparison with the master. "Will he go one better?" is what we are all asking ourselves. S. A. MUSSABINI.

STRIKERS' HOMECOMING.

The Guards Army bootmakers arrived safely home on Saturday after their memorable march to London.

PEERESS AND POVERTY.

Lady Warwick to Devote Herself to the Betterment of the Poor.

The beautiful and gifted Lady Warwick has resigned her position as a Poor Law Guardian of the Warwick Union, and a letter notifying the fact was read at a meeting of the guardians on Saturday.

In this communication her ladyship explained that henceforth she intended to devote herself to working with those whose one great aim was to effect such changes in the social conditions of the country as would eventually lead to the abolition of poverty.

Alderman Harvey said the board regretted to receive the resignation. When Lady Warwick attended to attend as guardian she performed them in a very efficient manner.

Mr. Bakewell, another member, said many reforms in the work of the union were due to Lady Warwick's initiation.

At a subsequent stage of the proceedings Alderman Davis said he was shocked to learn that there were numerous cases of underfed children within the shadow of the noble castle in which the countess sometimes resided.

MYSTERIOUS "MRS. N."

Husband Tells His Wife He Will Not Hear Another Woman Abused.

A mysterious "Mrs. N." figured in a mysterious way in a divorce case which occupied the attention of the Edinburgh Court of Session on Saturday.

Mrs. James Charles Hope de Vere, of Lancaster-gate, obtained a decree of divorce from her husband who, she said, had residences at Blackwood, Lanca-shire, and Craigiehall, Midlothian.

She was married in Paris in 1884, and had three children. In August, 1902, they separated, and in response to her appeals for a reconciliation her husband, who, she said, was living with another woman, wrote:—

I hear that you have been making disagreeable insinuations about Mrs. N. If you break your word in this respect again I will leave you for ever. I won't hear someone for whom I care more than for anyone else in the world abused.

Witness produced a photograph of a letter to her husband's sister from the lady called Mrs. N., the contents of which were not disclosed in court.

HOW MORPHIA KILLS.

Graphic Evidence of Analyst for the Crown in the Trunk Tragedy.

For the sixth and last time Arthur Devereux appeared before the magistrates at Harlesden Police Court on Saturday. He was committed for trial at the Central Criminal Court, charged with the wilful murder of his wife and twin children, whose bodies he concealed in a tin trunk.

There was little new in the evidence on Saturday, though the Court listened with close attention while Sir Thomas Stevenson gave a graphic account of how morphia kills.

Within half an hour, he said, there comes a great drowsiness, speedily developing into a deep sleep, from which, after a time, the patient cannot be aroused.

The face assumes a ghastly pallor, there is a profuse twitching, and the breathing becomes slow and imperfect, then almost imperceptible, until it ends in death.

"CAPTAIN" AND COOK.

Memories of an Enjoyable Outing at Richmond and a "Fair Dinner."

Philip Trevor, who imposed on West End tradesmen as "Captain Horrocks," "Mr. Horan," or "Mr. Treherne," was committed for trial at Marlborough-street on Saturday.

Further evidence against him was supplied by a smart-looking young woman named Florence Skipper, a cook.

As a result of a chance meeting Miss Skipper drew Mr. Trevor to Richmond in a carriage and pair, and dined with him at the Queen's Hotel. She exchanged rings with him, and he afterwards left without paying for the dinner. She refused to go with him, and was driven home in the carriage. She admitted she had "a fair dinner" and enjoyed the outing.

CHARGE OF CONSPIRACY.

Mr. Jenkins, who at the Mansion House on Saturday prosecuted Simon Goldstein, tailor, and Louis Green, both of Forest Gate, on a charge of conspiring to obtain goods from Messrs. Massey and Co., warehousemen, of Manchester, by false pretences, stated that he had been instructed that other firms had been defrauded to the extent of £4,500.

The men were remanded, and bail was refused.

AUSTRALIANS' GREAT VICTORY.

Gentlemen Bat Feebly Against the Bowling of Laver and Howell.

HIRST'S HUGE SCORE.

By F. B. WILSON.

(Last year's Cambridge Captain.)

The Australians, in beating such a fine side as that opposed to them at Lord's last week, have done a great deal to prove that they have been up till now an underrated side, especially where their bowling is concerned.

If the match has not brought to light a Spofforth or a Ferris, at least it has shown that, with the wicket at all in the bowler's favour, making runs against the Colonials is not as easy as the proverbial falling off a log.

The Gentlemen were in a tight place when play commenced on Saturday morning, as, with only eight wickets in hand, they still required 237 to avert the single innings defeat. Fry opened confidently and well, hitting half a dozen boundaries, and being particularly strong on the leg side.

Unfortunately the Australians are beginning to know Fry by this time, and he is not likely to receive much of that leg peg ball which he pushes so finely to the on side. When he left—caught and bowled by Laver from a ball that seemed to beat him in the pace—he might have remarked with the French king, "After me, the deluge!" Certainly, from that time on, the English innings was a procession, MacLaren alone of the remainder getting into double figures, though he was at the wicket more than half an hour.

HOWELL VERSUS MACLAREN.

Howell, who took three wickets for 1 run, again captured MacLaren's wicket. Howell and MacLaren are old antagonists, and have, of course, met many times, and up to now the advantage rather rests with Howell. It is very curious how often it happens that one especial bowler proves fatal to the same batsman, however good the latter may be; and again, very often a more or less indifferent bat will take tea with a really good bowler over and over again.

The Gentlemen had two excuses for their Lilliputian total. First, the wicket, though it was by no means a glue-pot, was not so easy as the majority of wickets have been this year, owing to rain on Friday night. Secondly, Howell, Laver, and Noble bowled extremely well, serving up very few benefit balls indeed. There is perhaps a third reason for the sad collapse, which may point a moral for the Test matches.

THE ADVANTAGE OF PLAYING TOGETHER.

Very few of the Gentlemen's side have played together this year, and some, I believe I am right in saying, have played on the same side once at the most in their lives.

Follows always that if a rot sets in no individual is certain of the merit and ability either of the man in with him or of the next player to come.

Contrast the Australians. On Friday they lost three wickets cheaply, and looked as if they might easily fail to reach the Gentlemen's total, as the Gentlemen, especially Breamley, were bowling well at the time. Duff and Armstrong, however, knew each other's game to perfection, and also had the comfortable feeling that if one of them left there were still Darling and Noble to follow. One can see at a glance how it is that Australian sides over here and English sides in Australia almost invariably play above their preconceived form, even if there are one or two individual failures on the tour.

Following their great performance, the Australian attack is bound to lose its character of being rather innocuous, and its strength is likely, also, to be put rather above its proper value. Should this happen, the Australian bowlers are likely to live up to their reputation, as a batsman who is at all afraid of the opposition is half-out before he is in.

HIRST SIXTH ON THE LIST.

Hirst played the sixth highest innings of first-class cricket on Saturday for Yorkshire, and as far as its value to his side went it might have been the very highest. Not only did he save his side from what looked perilously like defeat, but he made it possible for Yorkshire to win. In fact, but for a plucky exhibition of batting by Odell and Davis, who put on nearly fifty for the last wicket without being separated, Yorkshire would just have won. They play the Australians to-day at Sheffield, and as they have had a day's rest they should put up a most interesting battle.

Sussex encounter Leicester at Brighton. The Leicestershire men, who have just had the pleasure of seeing Hirst get 341, may see Fry get even more, as he has a lot of runs to get rid of. Gloucester meet the Notts men at Bristol to-day, and they will find plenty of work to do. A. O. Jones, Irromonger, the Gums, and others seem likely to bring Notts back to the great position she used to hold.

F. B. WILSON.

Scores and further details of Saturday's cricket will be found on page 14.

LAST NIGHT'S NEWS ITEMS.

Professor Ted Heaton, who purposes swimming the Channel, gave a demonstration in the Mersey on Saturday. He swam from Liverpool landing-stage to Eastham, a distance of five miles.

Nominations for the Whitby by-election have been fixed for next Thursday, and the polling for June 1.

General Sir John French on Saturday unveiled a memorial in Greenhead Park, Huddersfield, to twenty-eight local men who lost their lives in the South African war.

Decided preference for the raw flesh of newly-killed rabbits is shown by the four kittens of the wild cat species just captured near Loch Sunart, in the Scottish Highlands.

With his pockets filled with stones, the body of Alfred Richardson, a traveller, was recovered from the River Derwent, below Matlock Bath, on Saturday. He had been missing from Matlock fifteen days.

Mr. J. C. Calthorpe, of Harkstow Hall, near Barton-on-Humber, Lincolnshire, has just been presented with a piece of plate in commemoration of the sixtieth anniversary of his attendance at the "market ordinary" held at the Angel Hotel, Brigg.

Sixty collieries, employing some fifty thousand miners and surface workers in South and South-East Lancashire, were idle on Saturday. Late the output of coal has been largely exceeding the demand, and the curtailment is now becoming general at nearly all the pits.

"He loved the poor," is the brief epitaph on the handsome granite memorial which has just been erected on the grave of the late Mr. Whitaker Wright, in Witney Churchyard.

For returning her lost purse containing £6, a lady rewarded a railway employee at Leicester on Saturday with three halfpence.

Epilepsy, it is surmised, caused the drowning in a ditch containing two inches of water of Ada Lyme Draffin, thirty-four, school mistress, at Preston.

On condition that the management agreed not to summon the men for breach of contract, the colliers on strike at Aberman, at a mass meeting on Saturday, agreed to resume work to-day.

Owing to the unsatisfactory state of the trade, Messrs. Maling, said to be the largest firm of jam-pot makers in the world, have closed their pottery at Byker Bank, Newcastle. Five hundred hands will be thrown out of work.

To-day Mr. Choate, the departing United States Ambassador, will unveil in the new cathedral of Southwark, in the presence of the Primate, a memorial window which he has presented in commemoration of John Harvard, the founder of the famous American University.

Northumberland miners at the annual meeting of their association at Newcastle on Saturday decided to send representatives to the London Conference on the subject of the proposed amendments to the Workmen's Compensation Act, and to continue the opposition to the coal tax.

TO-DAY'S WEDDING.



Hon. Kenneth Campbell, youngest son of Lord Stratheden and Campbell, who will be married to-day to Miss Linda Oppenheim.—(Lanier)



It has been decided by the popular vote that no chairs are to be rented on the beach at Llandudno on Sunday nights.

Alarmed by the growth of public opinion against "dividing" societies, as not really helpful to thrift, state clubs in London agreed to federate on Saturday.

Rats have undermined a road at Congleton, with the result that a horse and rider were precipitated about four feet into the subsidence and severely injured.

In the East End the People's Rights Association has been formed for the purpose of securing greater privileges in the parks. Members of this new organisation suggest that a library should be built in Victoria Park.

Mrs. Caroline Simper, an inmate of one of the Michael Yorkley almshouses at Drapers, in the Isle of Thanet, left estate valued at £883. In addition to a pleasant residence, each recipient of the Yorkley charity has a pension of 6s. 6d. a week.

Whilst the bell-ringers at the parish church of Shorewell, Isle of Wight, were practising on Saturday the loop in the bell rope caught a man named Ridett round the neck. He was suspended high in the belfry, and was quite unconscious when rescued.

Earl Roberts, in presenting long service medals to several members of the North Somerset Imperial Yeomanry, which corps he reviewed on Lansdowne Plain, near Bath, on Saturday, spoke of the excellent service done in South Africa by the Yeomanry.

Mr. Augustine Birrell, president of the National Liberal Federation, said on Saturday, at Newcastle, where he was delivering important speeches, that during the week a telegram was addressed to him as follows: "Birrell, Newcastle, England." The wire was received shortly after noon on Friday, but he (Mr. Birrell) was raked out of bed at 1.30 a.m. on Saturday to receive it.

Soon after signing the charge against a prisoner at Carter-street Police Station, Walworth, on Saturday night, Sergeant Perry suddenly expired.

Capellere Luigi Frosali, who has been appointed commissary of police attached to the Italian Embassy in London, holds the reputation of being one of the greatest detectives on the Continent.

Poplar Board of Guardians have decided to take the older girls in their training schools at Forest Gate to see such places of interest in and around London as may prove of educational value during the summer holidays.

Mr. John Parker, a well-known authority on the game of draughts, died at Sunderland on Saturday, aged sixty-two. He was formerly a famous flautist, and on retiring from public performances was presented with a golden flute.

At an inquest on a man named Bishop, who had died in St. Bartholomew's Hospital, it was stated on Saturday that he had laid unconscious for seventy-two days, being artificially fed. His condition was the result of a fall on the pavement.

Four miles north of Crewe yesterday the dead body of a gentleman, whose name is believed to be Rolls, was found. He had apparently fallen out of the Scotch express, for on the arrival of the train at Crewe a carriage door was found open.

There will be 13,000 looms in the township of Great Harwood, near Blackburn, in a few weeks, or one each for every man, woman, and child in the place. Increased prosperity in the cotton trade has led to the erection of a new weaving shed and the enlargement of four others.

Much speculation has been roused in connection with the rebuilding of the Quadrant, Regent-street, as to whether the character of that thoroughfare will be spoiled. The report prepared for the C.C.C.'s consideration to-morrow shows that it is intended to preserve unbroken the curved sweep of the street.

NORTHERN TRAINER'S FINE RECORD.

Long Tom and Catty Crag Win Saturday's Big Handicaps.

IRISH THOROUGHBREDS.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Some good-class handicap horses were seen out both at Gatwick and Haydock Park on Saturday. Mr. H. Escott's Long Tom won the principal prize, the Prince's Handicap of 500 sovs., at the former meeting, and the Haydock Park Handicap of 1,000 sovs. was captured by Mr. Langstaff's Catty Crag.

These horses have had very different fortunes; but in one respect the pair attract attention. They were bought for very moderate sums. Long Tom, though a son of Ladras, did not cost Escott more than £130. The Lewes trainer metamorphosed the ex-plater, won the valuable Great Metropolitan Stakes, and in this Gatwick race added a further big sum—which in a sense had a furrier value, because the owner's son was the successful jockey.

Mr. W. Bass's Wet Paint was reckoned with Mr. Auguste Belmont's Ferment to be the source of greatest danger to Long Tom. Wet Paint ran so badly that an explanation is by no means obvious, but Ferment gave a creditable performance, although most decisively beaten and only able to dead-heat with Kilted for second place.

ELSEY'S REMARKABLE RECORD.

In the races preliminary to the Haydock Park Handicap the Baumber trainer, W. E. Elsey, added to his extraordinary score for the season by winning the Welter Handicap with Arcadic, and the Juvenile Plate with Dian. Then the 1000 sovs race completed, to use a cricket phrase, the hat-trick.

Catty Crag had no easy task, as in the field were Bachelor's Button, Glenamoy, Whistling Crow, D'Orsay, Gower, Pieman, and Phylloxera—all of well approved merit—and this lot was supplemented by Lord Durham's Camoos, supposed to have been a rod-in-pickle for a big race. Catty Crag made short work of the group.

In Elsey's successes the leading jockey, E. Wheatley, has played a conspicuous part, and he now heads the list far ahead of all rivals with a score of thirty-nine wins up to date—Maher and Higgs coming next with twenty-one each.

SMART IRISH HORSES.

Relative to the Irish-bred Llanguibby's chance for the Derby a great deal of guesswork appears in print. Of late years horse-rearing in Ireland has made rapid progress. During the term just mentioned Barcaline, Bendigo, Clorane, Winkfield's Pride, and all manner of smart handicap performers have successfully invaded this country. But for the greatest triumph in stud matters appertaining to the distressed country has been achieved by a little stud of some fifty acres, which has sent out two Derby winners—viz., Galtee More and Ard Patrick.

That the Hibernians have a slight advantage for rearing the young thoroughbred in their climate, as milder and more equable than that of England, is generally allowed, and picked pastures—say, in Meath or that rich tract stretching southwards which is known as the Golden Vein—probably are superior even to the Yorkshire Vales or the choicest lands of our Shires. It is absurd almost to assume that those ever-increasing authorities who air their views on this subject would have us believe.

WHY ENGLISH HORSES FAIL.

Enough to know that our friends have slightly the better of us in a comparatively limited area of pasturage—much of Ireland being taken up by moorland and mountains, by bogs and lakes—and owing to the country's milder climate. But the secret of the success latterly attributable to Irish flat-racers and steeplechases unquestionably is due in no small measure to young stock being allowed plenty of time to mature, which means rearing a harder race. Whereas here, in England, from the hour of a foal quitting his dam's side the fattening, forcing, and confining system is pursued by the great majority of breeders, the result being weak limbs and delicate constitutions.

That such a pernicious state of affairs will continue so long as owners and trainers or advisers of various denominations allow themselves to be led away by the gloss of soft condition in the bloodstock markets is well known to recognised horsemen in the full sense of the word. GREY FRIARS.

Saturday's racing returns will be found on page 14.

STOCK EXCHANGE HOLIDAY.

Saturday was a holiday on the Stock Exchange, and consequently there are no prices to quote for English public securities.

The directors of Lipton, Ltd., recommend a final dividend on the ordinary shares at the rate of eight per cent. per annum for the past half-year, making seven per cent. for the year.

NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are—
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Daily Mirror

MONDAY, MAY 22 1905

"O. K." SAUCE	MONDAY!
"O. K." SAUCE	COLD MEAT DAY!
"O. K." SAUCE	But all good housewives
"O. K." SAUCE	know that the cold joint
"O. K." SAUCE	is made attractive with
"O. K." SAUCE	Mason's "O.K." Sauce.

THE UNEARNED INCOME.

TO-DAY several M.P.s will try to get the House of Commons to discuss the graduation of Income-Tax. Mr. Channing proposes something like this: £160-£200, 2d.; £200-£400, 4d., and so on. Mr. Herbert Lewis would make those who have £100,000 a year and upwards pay 2s. in the £, while those who have £1,000 and £2,000 would pay 1s., as at present. Mr. Trevelyan would make everyone with an income over £5,000 subject to a small extra tax in addition to that which all have to pay.

Certainly we ought to graduate the Income-Tax, as we have graduated the Death Duties. It is the only way for the middle-class taxpayer to get any relief. People who inherit a large sum now pay duty on a higher scale than those who are left small amounts. In the same way; those who have large incomes handed down to them ought to pay more in proportion than those who have only just enough to live upon.

There should, however, be a very clear distinction drawn between incomes which are earned and those which are inherited. It would be a bad thing to discourage enterprise by coming down heavily upon men who have made their own fortunes. To penalise success would be stupid. It would be a very good thing, on the other hand, to impose large fines for idleness upon those who enjoy large incomes without doing anything for them.

"Loafing ought to be discouraged just as much among those who have titles and pedigrees as among park pests. Everyone who gets a living without working for it is obtaining food and shelter under false pretences.

THE FARMER'S GIRL.

Can women be farmers? That was the question discussed in the *Daily Mirror* a few months back. No very definite conclusion was reached. The general idea seemed to be that the actual work of the farm labourer was beyond a woman altogether.

To-day we publish a photograph of and an interview with a young woman of the educated class who has proved that a woman can be a farm labourer, and a very useful one, too.

It is not an ideal life. There is only one ideal life for a woman, and that is wifehood and motherhood. Unfortunately the conditions under which we live here and now do not allow nearly all women to be wives and mothers. Those who cannot attain the ideal must therefore be content with something less.

Farming is hard work and rough work, but it is pleasanter in many ways than working in an office or a shop or a factory.

Life under the open sky quiets the nerves and sets the troubled mind at rest. It is far more healthful, because it is more natural, than life in crowded cities. Many women would be unable to do the work which is cheerfully undertaken by the capable young woman of our photograph if they went to it straight from a city existence. But a few weeks, even, of a saner mode of life would work wonders.

Flabby muscles would grow firm and round. Pale, anaemic faces would grow rosy. Pinched figures would fill out. Sleep would come at call. The farmer's girl would be just as merry as the traditional farmer's boy, and, certainly more intelligent.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Contentedness is a safeguard against all evils—against catching cold. Does a woman who knows she is well dressed ever catch cold, even though she is hardly dressed at all?—*Nietzsche*.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

THE Priory, Reigate, where King Edward has been staying for the week-end, as the guest of Captain, the Hon. Ronald Greville, M.P., really belongs to Lady Henry Somerset, and has been rented by Captain Greville for the season. Captain and Mrs. Greville's own house is in Charles-street, Berkeley-square, and there they give, each season, a series of concerts and dances, to which only a few people, their most intimate friends, are invited. Mrs. Greville is, in fact, set against the modern practice of giving enormous receptions at which half the time the hostess scarcely recognises many of the guests.

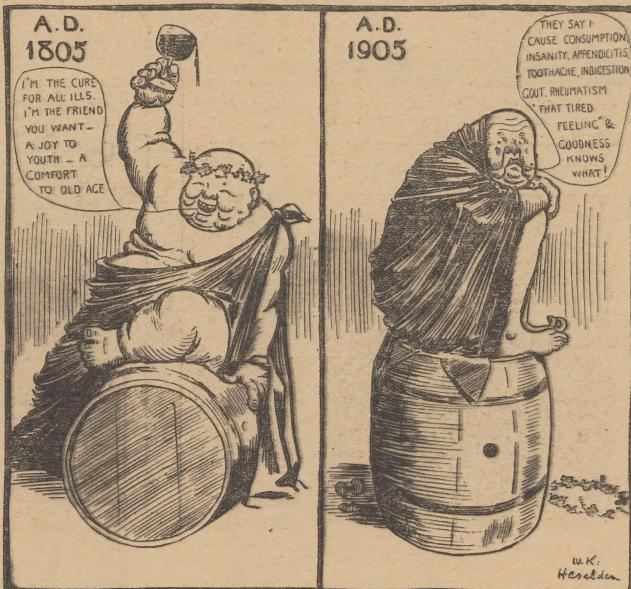
* * *

Mrs. Greville is the daughter of a very wealthy Scotsman, Mr. William McEwan, whose house is also in Charles-street, a few doors from her own. Both father and daughter are fond of society, and it was a great blow for Mrs. Greville to have to miss an entire season, as she did a few years ago, because of a peculiar accident which happened to her. As she was crossing her drawing-room she caught her foot in the long tea-gown she was wearing. She glided so gracefully on to the floor that

* * *

Mr. Warner gently refuted an objection in a speech which he made at a dinner given in his

ALCOHOL—THEN AND NOW.



A wave of temperance is passing over the country. Alcohol, which was once regarded as one of God's best gifts, is now held up to obloquy as the source of all our ills.

nobody thought anything serious had happened. However, it was discovered that she had fractured her knee, and she had in consequence to lie still for many weary months afterwards.

* * *

Lord Elbunk, whose youngest daughter has just become engaged to be married, comes of a very old family, the Murrays of Elbunk. He lives at Dam Hall, Peeblesshire, which is, in many parts, a very old building. Not long ago, while he was inspecting a tumble-down portion of the roof there, he fell through a skylight to the floor below—an accident which might easily have proved fatal.

It was one of Lord Elbunk's ancestors who reported so cleverly when he heard Dr. Johnson's

description of oatmeal as fit only for men in Scotland and for horses in England. "Quite true," he remarked, "where can we find such men as in Scotland or such horses as in England?"

* * *

The sudden return of winter cold is making everybody ill, and I am sorry to hear that Mr. T. P. O'Connor is amongst other distinguished invalids. "T. P." now does nearly all his writing work in his house in Brighton, coming only occasionally to Oskley Lodge, Chelsea. He has an amazing capacity for producing "copy." His secretary sits note-book in hand, and waits for him to be inspired. For a moment or two "T. P." sits, looking very depressed, in a big armchair saying nothing at all. Then suddenly he begins, paces up and down the room, and pours out a stream of eloquence at a pace which nearly drives the amanuensis mad.

* * *

"T. P.'s" charming American wife also does a good deal of writing at Brighton. Her play, "The Lady of Texas," was at least a "success of

esteem," as they say in France, and she has written another and a better one round the tragic story of Parnell. Do you remember the delightful scene which took place after the first performance of Mrs. O'Connor's play? She came out in front of the curtain, and said in her most bewitching manner: "Dear critics, please, *please* be nice to my little play. You will, won't you, dear critics?" Here her voice was suffocated by emotion, and another voice, that of "T. P.," was heard from the wings urging her to "come off at once." It was an excellent epilogue to an amusing play.

* * *

Cricket and the Church, Mr. P. F. Warner metaphorically hand-in-hand with the Rev. W. Carlile reading the Sunda, lessons—that was the rejuvenating spectacle which drew a crowd to St. Mary-at-Hill Church, yesterday evening. I really believe that Mr. Warner has never before, except once, appeared in public without a hat. The other occasion was his wedding-day. If he wears his hat, indeed, Mr. Warner looks absurdly, incredibly young. When it was proposed that he should captain the M.C.C. team someone suggested, in fact, that he was too young for the great responsibility.

* * *

Mr. Warner gently refuted an objection in a speech which he made at a dinner given in his

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

PARSONS AND POLITICS.

Happening to be in London one Sunday, in order to gain some idea of what Pleasant Sunday Afternoon services were like I went to a Nonconformist chapel in the south-western district.

The proceedings comprised selections by a string band, hymns very heartily sung by the audience, two solos very creditably rendered, a short prayer, a lesson from the Old Testament, and an address. *Well and truly* the address of the programme, save one, I cordially agree. The address I speak of above was nothing more than a finely-wielded political address, a passionate diatribe against Mr. Chamberlain, plentifully sprinkled with gross inaccuracies not unmixed with vulgarity.

It sounded strangely incongruous in a place of worship uttered by a man who calls himself a minister of religion. *BROAD CHURCH.*

WHAT BECOMES OF OLD HORSES?

Your correspondent is wrong when he states that the Belgian does not eat horse. The greater part of the meat market at Antwerp is occupied exclusively for the sale of horseflesh, and an old inhabitant of whom I made inquiries told me that the surplus meat was used in the manufacture of inferior "German" sausage, as supplied to the cafés in the poor districts.

This sounds feasible when one remembers that beef is dearer in Belgium than in England, while "German" sausage is cheaper—in certain quarters.

Clacton-on-Sea. N. G. HENNAH.

BLOWS ON A FAIR SCENE.

I have often been perplexed by the gaudy, dirty people one sees on the Embankment seats.

It seems cruel to drive them away, yet if it is not fair they should keep clean, decent people off the seats, and offend our eyes and noses.

I believe the only way to get rid of such won't-work poverty is to treat it as firmly as they do in Germany, where they simply do not allow it.

Pawis-square, W. MARY HENDERSON.

THE CHURCH AND DIVORCE.

What we have to decide is whether marriage is a civil contract or a divine sacrament.

If the former, then there can be no reason to make divorce difficult. If the latter, divorce is out of the question.

Will no leader of the Church of England tell us which view the Church accepts? PERPLEXED.

Divorce ought to be made easier instead of more difficult—in cases where there are no children to be considered.

However badly a husband and wife get on, they ought to make the greatest efforts to suit their differences of temperament when they have children to bring up.

But unhappy childless marriages ought to be dissolvable at the wish of the parties. It is needlessly cruel to make the contract last in cases like these.

H. HANDSWORTHY.

Hans-place, S.W.

DOCTORS AND ALCOHOL.

By DR. DAWSON BURNS, Secretary to the London Temperance Hospital.

The deliverance of Sir Frederick Treves against alcohol has given rise to comments which imply a widespread belief that there is something novel in the expression of such views by one occupying so eminent a position in the medical profession. Permit me to say that this is a great mistake.

To go no farther back than the beginning of the last century, Dr. Beddoe, the distinguished author of "Hygeia," declared:

"The greatest authorities are against wine; there are none worth regarding on the other side." Thirty years later the most celebrated surgeon of his day, Sir Astley Cooper, wrote: "I never suffer ardent spirits in my house, thinking them evil spirits. . . . Spirits and poisons are synonymous terms."

In 1839 the most eminent London physicians and surgeons signed a declaration stating that "Anatomy, physiology, and the experience of all ages and countries, when properly examined, must satisfy every mind that the opinion (as to the benefit of alcoholic drink to health) is altogether erroneous."

In 1847 the heads of the profession, followed by 2,000 other doctors, signed a declaration containing four statements, the last of which was: "That total and universal abstinence from alcoholic liquors and beverages of all sorts would greatly contribute to the health, the prosperity, the morality, and the happiness of the human race."

IN MY GARDEN.

MAY 21.—A laburnum, sheltered from cold winds, begins to glitter in the sunshine. Every branch is laden with bursting buds, so in a few days birds will sing in a golden resting-place. No garden tree is bare now. Even the fading cowslips beneath the oaks are screened from the sun.

When the buds quickly swelling on the vine have opened the tale of young green will be fully told. The early azaleas are covered with exquisite flowers. If grown in beds planted with rhododendrons (some of which are even in bloom) a lengthy display is obtained.

A warm shower, and the roses will be here!

E. F. T.

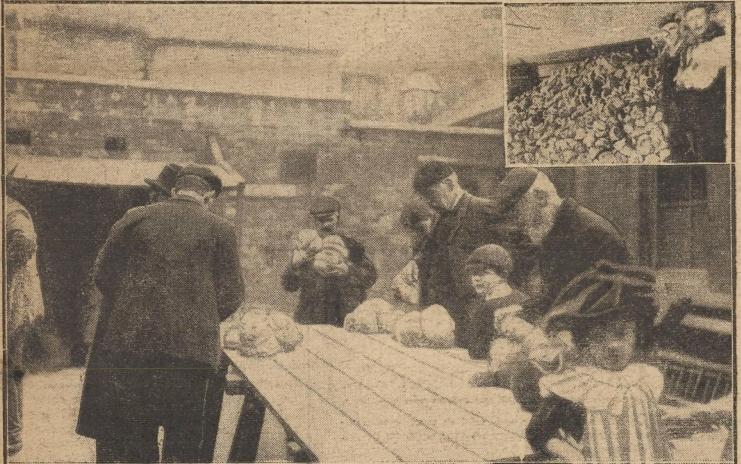
NEWS PHOTOGRAPHS BY EXPRESS

FRIENDLY DUEL IN REGENT'S PARK.



At the fifth annual tournament with the duelling sword, held by the Epée Club, at the Botanic Society's Gardens. Duel between Mr. H. Evan James and Mr. G. de Goldschmidt.

STRAINED STRIKE SITUATION AT LEICESTER.



A distribution of 3,500 loaves was made on Saturday, with 900lbs. of bacon, 900lbs. of sugar, and 900 lbs. of tea. The married men take four loaves, the single men two. (See top photograph.) Photograph No. 2 shows G. H. Bibbins, strike leader (the taller man), talking to G. A. Kerny, president of the Trades Council in Leicester. No. 3 Amos Sheriff (with a beard), who says he will lead the strikers on a march to London, talking to George White—a cripple, and secretary of the Trades Council—who says he will also march to London.

Grand Opera at M New Walk



The new theatre in Aldwych, Strand, opens to-night, giving opera at moderate prices and Mr. Russell, the manager of the company. The management of the company and peeresses ever seen together.

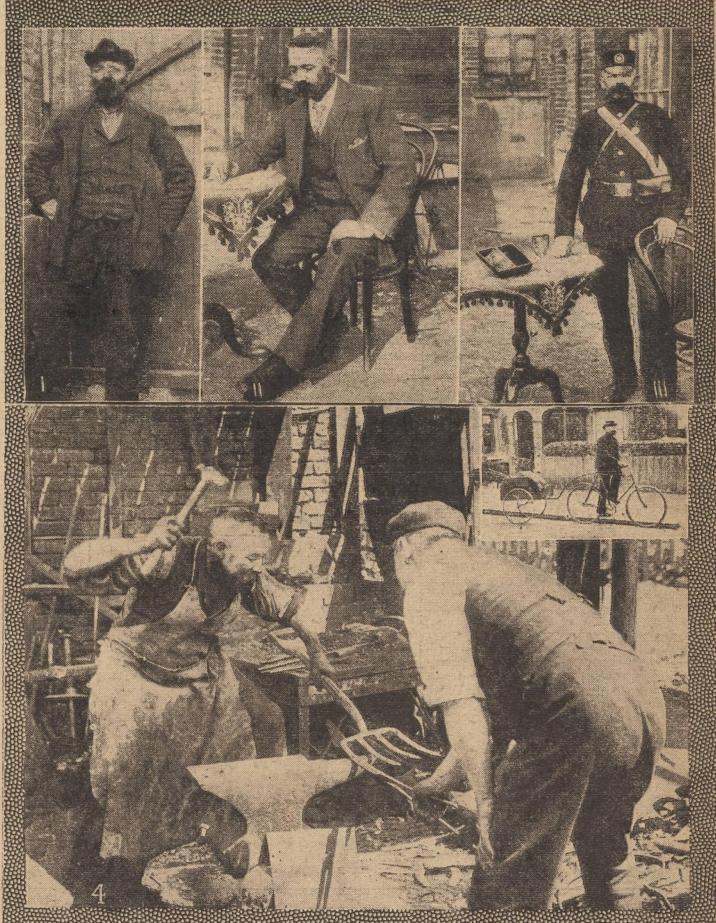
erate Prices at the
r Theatre.



es. Some of the famous singers and actors who will appear during the season
ay that at to-night's performance there will be "the largest number of peers
outside the House of Lords."

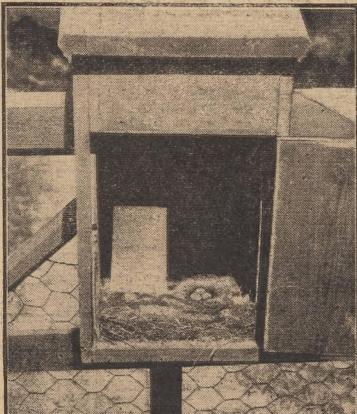
LATEST NEWS IN PHOTOGRAPHS

STREATHAM COMMON'S VERSATILE SWEEP.



Since the *Daily Mirror* published a photograph of a sweep who visits his customers on a bicycle, we have been overwhelmed with information about talented sweeps. The champion sweep appears to be Walter Hunt, of Streatham Common. Photograph No. 1 shows him as a sweep. No. 2 as an author, writing his book, "Are We a Declining Race?" No. 3 as a St. John Ambulance man, with a cup he has won. No. 4 as a blacksmith at work with Mr. Shepherd.

WREN'S HOME IN A LETTER-BOX.



At Saffron Walden. Contains ten eggs. When the householder opens the box to take out the letters the bird simply looks at him and chirps.

CYCLE RECORD LOWERED.



W. T. Hall, who at the Crystal Palace on Saturday lowered the ten miles paced record by 45.1-sec.

WOMAN TO BLAME FOR SOCIAL ILLS.

Selfishness at War with All Sound Principles.

BY A WOMAN OF THE LAST GENERATION.

A few days ago the Bishop of Christchurch, New Zealand, Dr. Julius, returned to Wellington from a visit to London, and at once delivered a mostathing sermon in condemnation of English social life. He accused us of having broken away from the religious, the parental, and the social code, and was tending to break away from the moral code, as well.

And his accusation is perfectly just, but he could have taken for his text the lines of Coventry Patmore :

Al, wasteful woman, she who may
On her sweet self set her own price,
Knowing he cannot choose but pay,
How has she cheaply paid,
How bought through her needless gift,
How spoilt the bread and spilt the wine,
That spent with due respecting thrift
Had made brutes men, and men divine.

The remedy of our social evils is in the hands of our women, but they neglect the work. Modern woman assumes that she is the highest product of civilisation, and insists on being worshipped as the apotheosis of all that is most perfect in humanity. In reality she is the very incarnation of selfishness.

There are only two things in the world she really cares for—luxury and her own way.

NO OBJECT BUT PLEASURE.

She accepts the rights and privileges of both sexes, and will have nothing to do with the duties and responsibilities of either.

She is brilliant and fascinating, and the sparkling fountain of her wit plays alluringly over every conceivable subject. She is not lovable, but she possesses to an extraordinary degree the power of securing devotion. Men and women adore her, give, fight, die for her. She smiles on them, and goes her way.

It is all a matter of course. It is their privilege to do these things for her. She can tolerate nothing that makes demands on her. That is why she hates children. She cannot endure babies. By and by other children will be born, as they are now nursed, curiously.

Her senses are all keen, except her moral sense, she really does not care what her friends' morals are so long as they have nice manners and are amusing. Such virtues as she practices or esteems are not the result of principle, but of a sensitive timidity that divines what is fitting. The same quality saves her from vulgarity. Vulgarity has been defined as unnecessary plainness. She thinks some virtues are unnecessarily plain. If anything seems attractive she does it without all caring that it is wrong.

She knows that her charm depends most on her temper. "The angry woman never wins," she says. Good-nature is the modern woman's (excepting) substitute for that Pauline Charity that all have called divine. Its spuriousness is detected by its incompatibility with conscientiousness. One can always be both charitable and con-

scientious. But there are times when either goodness or conscientiousness must go. The modern woman lets conscientiousness go. To make this easier she conceals from herself all knowledge that goes to the nature of conscientiousness. She allows nothing to disturb her matchless equanimity. That is the chief power of her charm. It is entirely compatible with her utter selfishness.

There is, however, one thing that can make her really angry. That is the failure to get her own way.

The principle that interferes most with her pleasure is that of cause and effect. Against this she contends with the whole force of her being. She will never abide by the results of her actions. She never will accept the responsibility of consequences. She thinks it very tiresome when people have principles—especially when they have them strong. She seems, somehow, always to scent an enemy in a principle.

WOMEN IN THE ANCIENT WORLD.

The older the world grows, the more it learns how wise the ancients were, especially in their views about women. One thing they strenuously insisted and acted on, was that it was not wise to allow women an entirely free hand. We are finding this out over again for ourselves. There has been a noble generation, which has toiled and fought for the freedom of wronged and oppressed womanhood.

Now and then we see the names of the last stragglers of that generation recorded as having passed from our midst. They dreamed of emancipated womanhood, heroic, noble, good.

Alas for their dreams! Emancipated woman, emancipated by their heart-breaking struggles, elects to devote herself to pleasure, bent wholly and only on "having a good time." Ordinary duties are "not good enough" for her. She wots nothing of the love and hope and toil and sorrow that she disports herself.

"Rise up ye women that are at ease. Many days and years shall ye be troubled; ye careless women!"

AN AMBITIOUS SCHEME.

Chance of an All-the-Year-Round Light Opera House Being Shortly Established.

If the Waldorf season of opera, which opens tonight (and which we illustrate on another page) proves a success, it may lead to the establishment of a permanent opera in London, something like the Opera Comique in Paris.

This is what Mr. Henry Russell said to the *Daily Mirror* on Saturday :

"It is absurd to suggest that we wish to rival Covent Garden. What we want to do is to found a house in London for the lighter operas, leaving grand opera to Covent Garden."

"My idea is that if London will support my season at a time when Covent Garden is in full swing—and, judging by the bookings they are going to do so—they will support light opera all the year round."

"If we are able to establish this Opera Comique, the works performed would, of course, not be Italian only, but the best light operas of all nationalities."

There is, at present, no pit at the Waldorf. The whole of the floor is taken up by the 400 stalls, in which, it is said, there will be no unotted people this evening except the critics.

LOST IN THE WINNING.

By ARTHUR APPLIN.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

LYNDAL MAYBRICK: A charming young girl, a splendid horsewoman, and brought up at the training stables of Joe Marvis.

MR. TATTOR: A trainer of racehorses at Epsom.

TOWNLEY: A middle-aged racing baronet. He expects his horse King Daffodil to win the Derby.

3. S. VOGEL: A money king and the unscrupulous owner of the public favourite for the Derby, The Devil.

COLORES ST. MERTON: A fascinating grass widow in the power of Vogel. (She is really a Mrs. Hilary.)

ARTHUR MERRICK: A gentleman jockey, who is to ride King Daffodil in the Derby.

JOE MARVIS: A one-eyed stableman devoted to Marvis.

CHAPTER XXII.

Even old Joe Marvis noticed the change in Arthur Merrick, and remarked on it.

Of course, Lyndal noticed it, but she said nothing.

"What's come over him so suddenly?" Marvis asked. "He's become himself once again—his old self, I mean. I suppose you're responsible," he smiled, stroking Lyndal's hand. "You're a witch, and you cast your spell over everyone."

But Lyndal turned her head away.

"I don't believe it's my digging and manuring that makes the roses bloom," Marvis continued, with a jolly laugh. "It's just your influence. You go and look at 'em, and put your pretty lips near 'em, and they grow big and sweet and open wide; then they can't help it. And why do the horses never grow sick nor cough—you just scare away all ills and evils!"

"Hush, pater," Lyndal whispered. "You dear silly old thing, you mustn't talk nonsense; besides it's unlucky to boast."

"I'm not boasting. I'm—I'm giving thanks, that's all. But come, tell me how you do it," he

laughed. "Tell me what spell you've cast over Merrick."

"I have cast no spell," she replied. And a woman would have noticed the almost imperceptible emphasis on the personal pronoun.

"You ought to have seen him gallop this morning, Lyn. Why weren't you there? A real fast gallop—by Jove, he's a wonder is King Daffodil; but the colt has come on in the last month, why it's miraculous. Lyn," he cried, putting his hands affectionately on her shoulders and looking into her face—"Lyn, the race is a gift for us. Lord, I shall live—and die—a happy old man now."

"Hush, pater, dear, don't build too much on it," Lyndal said, with a trace of nervousness in her voice. "Suppose anything happened—there's many a slip, you know."

"Isn't it like my pal to talk like that," cried Marvis. "Why, those are the very words Merrick used a short time ago. I never expected to hear 'em from your lips. Now, he's as keen as—as I am, and as certain of victory. Now, he can talk of nothing else, think of nothing else, but King Daffodil and June the Seventh. And—you, why, you're not getting his old disease, are you? You're not beginning to doubt?"

Lyndal shook her head, and tried to smile brightly.

"I don't want you to set too great a store on the victory, to make too certain. Nothing is certain in this life, pater. And it's generally our sweetest hope that fate flings away."

Marvis scratched his chin, and repeated these last few words over to himself.

"You're not well, you want change of air," he said. "We'll all be able to afford a real, good holiday."

Lyndal nodded, and, patting her guardian's cheek, hurried away.

"Don't forget that Miss St. Merton is coming to dinner to-night," she cried. "You must make yourself look smart."

"Make myself look smart," growled Joe Marvis.

THE DRAMATIC SENSE.

Living Pathos and Humour from the Morning's News.

I was once speaking to my constituents on the need for abolishing the House of Lords when a voice called out, "Anyhow, it keeps them out of public houses."—Dr. Macnamara, M.P., at Leeds.

"Assuredly We Can Carry Nothing Out."

A peasant while digging near Pompeii has discovered a human skeleton with four large gold bracelets, ornamented with emeralds, a pair of large pearl earrings, two necklaces of gold, pearls, and emeralds, and two emerald rings.

Human Wisdom Against Divine.

"In these days of loose faith and looser practice childlessness is regarded as a blessing. One of the darkest clouds gathering over this Empire is—this. Humanity is a plant which cannot be left to itself—'Are we to be wiser than God?'"—Canon Newbold at the Mothers' Union Meeting.

"A Huge Joke."

The people of Ireland regard Mr. Long, as Chief Secretary for Ireland, as a kind of huge joke. What does this gentleman know about Ireland? What interest has he in Ireland? The difference between Sir Antony Macdonnell and Mr. Walter Long is that the one man is interested in Ireland, and that the other isn't.—Dublin correspondent of the "Observer."

Not What They Mean.

A number of Guy's Hospital students have been out in the suburbs collecting for the special Appeal Fund. In Lewisham two of them called at a prosaic-looking house and had the door opened by the suspicious-looking owner herself. We have called to ask if you give anything to Guy's?" they said politely. "Go away, young man," was the answer. "This ain't the Fifth of November."

"Still He Speaks, Being Dead."

A Leicestershire tradesman had a Phil May cartoon in his window. It represented an employer addressing a ragamuffin, with these words under it :

"You look hungry, my man; come to my place, and I will give you some work to do."

"Asking you parding, guv'nor, but I've got to attend a meeting of the unemployed!"

Leicester's unemployed so strongly objected to this that the shopkeeper had it promptly removed.

Seeing It In Print.

A year or two ago I was talking to workmen in a house which I was building. A fossil was brought to me which had been found in the foundations. I took the opportunity to tell the workmen a few facts of geology—among other things that elephants and rhinoceros had once lived in these islands—and the men seemed very much interested. The next time I saw the workmen I took with me a copy of a daily newspaper containing similar facts in print. The comment they made was: "Then it must be true."—Lord Avebury at the Newspaper Press Fund dinner.

"I only smartened myself up once for a woman—never again!"

Dolores had hesitated before accepting the invitation to pay an informal visit to Rose Cottage stables and stay to dinner. It was an invitation she wanted and desired; originally, because it gave her an opportunity of seeing all the horses—one in particular—and of becoming acquainted with the grounds and stables and the servants.

But now she only wanted to see the horses and stables because they were a part of Arthur's life. She welcomed the invitation because it would give her a chance, perhaps the only one she would get before the great and fatal day, of a few minutes conversation absolutely alone with Arthur.

She no longer sought him as an adventuress; she no longer desired him as her prey, but as her lover. She wanted to see him alone, look into his eyes unseen by others, look into his eyes devoid of shame and fear, with eyes that were fearless and frank also. And she hesitated before accepting because it was Lyndal Maybrick who gave the invitation.

Lyndal Maybrick, the other woman.

Dolores knew that Lyndal knew, the very moment they met and shook hands. Lyndal Maybrick loved Arthur—she saw that also, though she could not tell how much. Lyndal Maybrick, the other woman, the younger woman, the better woman.

How much had Dolores to fear from her? That was the first question she instinctively asked herself.

Even now she is every other woman's enemy—below the age of forty-five.

Lyndal Maybrick had only realised her power, her youth, and her influence. Dolores knew that she would prove an enemy far too strong for her to meet. But Lyndal did not know; or, if she knew, she did not intend to use her strength. She did not know how the heart of even a strong and wise man becomes but a shuttlecock when two clever and beautiful women take up the battoledes of beauty and passion in real earnest.

Lyndal Maybrick, realising that Dolores was her

HOW TO BE HEALTHY THOUGH MIDDLE-AGED.

How many middle-aged men and women there are who would be willing to give almost anything if they could but feel as strong, active, and energetic as they did twenty years ago, and get as much enjoyment out of life. They are not so ill as to be incapacitated for their daily duties, but at the same time their health is not what they would like it to be. Meals are no longer enjoyed, because there is suffering from gouty dyspepsia; possibly exercise is distasteful, because occasional gouty or rheumatic pains are experienced, and there are numerous other unpleasant symptoms which tend to rob life of its zest and enjoyment.

SOME CAUSES OF ILL-HEALTH.

These health troubles of middle age are frequently due to the fact that uric acid, which should pass out of the body, remains within it. As uric acid is waste matter, it does not need any argument to prove that when this is so the health will suffer. You cannot well expect anything else; and just as long as uric acid remains and accumulates, the symptoms from which you now suffer will, instead of getting better, become gradually worse.

URIC ACID SYMPTOMS.

It would not of course be true to say that all health troubles of middle age are due to uric acid, but it is perfectly certain that many are. If you read what follows as to what are the signs of uric acid trouble you can tell for yourself whether your discomforts are due to uric acid. Irritation between your fingers, in your palms and ankles, small concretions on the outer rim of your ear, torpid liver, which causes aching in your right side, or acidity, heartburn, or flatulence after meals, are all symptoms of uric acid trouble. Stiffness of joints or muscles, enlargement of the joints, tenderness to the touch, or occasional pains in the joints and muscles, or the passing of grains of uric acid or sediment, all point to the fact that you do not eliminate uric acid as you should, and such symptoms warn you that a remedy should be adopted.

THE RIGHT REMEDY.

The best remedy is Bishop's Varalettes, which have proved their power in innumerable instances. Men and women everywhere who have regained their lost health and vigour would tell you that the secret of their health is contained in the two words, Bishop's Varalettes.

RHEUMATISM AVOIDABLE.

The point of this question is that suffering from rheumatism is unnecessary. Not only can you obtain relief in any existing attack, but by occasional use of Bishop's Varalettes you may enjoy future immunity. This is not a matter of assertion, but a question of evidence, and of this there is a mass of clear and conclusive proof. Bishop's Varalettes relieve rheumatism by passing uric acid out of the body as it is formed, and dissolving old accumulations of the urates. Their value rests on the firm basis of scientific truth, and is attested by thousands of men and women in every class of society.

THE ONE SUCCESSFUL REMEDY.

In gout, gravel, gouty eczema, sciatica, lumbago, and all forms of uric acid trouble Bishop's Varalettes are equally successful. They are easy to administer, very portable and convenient, pleasant to take, and exact as to dose. Do not be deterred from the use of Bishop's Varalettes because you have previously resorted to some other so-called remedy that has disappointed you. Bishop's Varalettes (Regd.) are a special combination of remedial agents, made only by Alfred Bishop, Limited, which are unequalled in their power of dissolving uric acid and passing it painlessly out of the body. Test them for yourself, and you will admit that they are all and everything we claim for them.

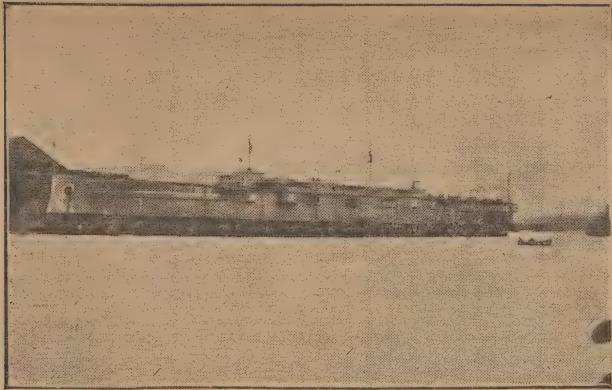
AN INTERESTING LETTER.

A correspondent writes thus: "For some years I suffered from a very severe cough with disagreeable expectoration, and consulted various medical men, who failed to diagnose my case. I noticed that my cough, which practically prostrated me for quite one and a half hours after dinner, was worse in the winter than in the summer, and it having been suggested that I was troubled with gouty affection of the stomach, which perhaps was relieved through the skin in the warmer weather, I decided to go through a course of Bishop's Varalettes. I took three daily. After the first week I was much benefited, and long before the course of twenty-five days was concluded my cough and all the most disagreeable attendants had altogether disappeared."

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are supplied in vials at 1s. and 2s., or 25 days' treatment at 5s., by all Chemists and Drug Stores. Also direct from Alfred Bishop, Limited, Spelmanstreet, London, for 1s. Id., 2s. Id., and 5s. 2d., post free within the United Kingdom, and with every vial is enclosed a leaflet giving details as to diet, etc. 'Get Bishop's Varalettes, for nothing else is the same, or approaches them in value.'

CHATHAM'S BIGGEST BATTLESHIP LAUNCHED.



The Africa was christened by the Marchioness of Londonderry. She is the largest ship yet built at Chatham. She will have four 12-inch guns; carry 781 officers and men, and steam 18½ knots. Her displacement is 16,350 tons.

FOUR INTERNATIONAL CRICKETERS WHO PERFORMED GREAT FEATS ON SATURDAY.



Laver, of the Australians, who took four English wickets for 13 runs.



Howell, of the Australians, who took three English wickets for 1 run.



Hirst, of Yorkshire, who made 341 runs against Leicester. Sixth highest score on record.



Mr. F. S. Jackson, who is resigning from the Militia to captain the English team.

LOST IN THE WINNING.

(Continued from page 10.)

real, that she had stolen Arthur from her, nevertheless asked her to Rose Cottage—cried: "Come and place the chains of love around your victim in my presence; I won't rescue him!"

Dolores could not understand such self-abnegation and sacrifice. She tried to reason it out, and failing, accepted the invitation, and came into the friendly enemy's camp.

And she came, wisely, late in the evening, when the sun was setting and the birds whispered in their nests; when the mists were creeping up the downs and the trees and hills cast long, strange shadows on the grass. She came at the soft, mysterious hour of day when the earth becomes wrapped in subdued lights and filled with subdued sounds.

It was her hour. She was, she knew, the woman of the twilight.

Lyndal was of the dawn.

Lyndal's hour had passed; Dolores's came with the setting of the sun. She came like the night, full of suggestion, of partially hidden beauties; fraught with hopes, overflowing with dreams. Sleepily, languorously beautiful.

And like the night, she came dressed in a soft, flowing, black dress, folded closely to her supple figure until it spread in wide, full folds below her knees, caught up in a circle of true lover's knots.

Rare black lace, like a diaphanous cloud nestled around her throat and shoulders; a black hat, with one long white drooping feather curling across her dark hair, a small necklace of pearls around her neck; covering her hands, long white gloves, and when she lifted her skirt another pair of those "silly little shoes" appeared, fastened with large, old-fashioned paste buckles.

Lyndal had been riding in the afternoon, and she had sat down to afternoon tea, spread on the lawn beneath the big elm tree, in her riding-habit and felt hat. It had been a rare May day, as hot as in late June.

Dolores refused tea.

"It is too late, I am too late; besides, I am

trying to give up the fascinating five o'clock meal; I can't take risks with my complexion—" with a smile at Lyndal, "but you can."

"I'm afraid I never think about it," the latter laughed. "But I think you ought to visit the stables at once, if you care to go; it's rather late, and Billy and the Pater will grumble if we disturb the pride of Rose Cottage at his supper."

"Aren't you coming?" Dolores asked as Lyndal turned away.

"No, I must change, if you'll excuse me; and Arthur will make a better guide than I should."

She disappeared into the house, and Dolores and Arthur found themselves alone together.

"How good of you to come!" he cried, seizing her hands. But she drew back.

"Windows have eyes—how good of Miss Maybrick to ask me."

"Of course, she asked you—she likes you awfully; I heard her tell Marvis so... Give me a kiss; Dolores is the one can see us. My lips have been simply parched since—"

"Come and show me the stables," she smiled. "I only caught a glimpse of the horses last time. I want to know King Daffodil quite well; I want to feel that he knows and trusts me now—now that he can trust me. Oh, I've done nothing, but think and think of—the race, the horse, you—everything, since we decided to—"

"To win," he said softly. "You're sure you're not sorry, you don't regret your promise to give up everything for love?"

"I'm giving up nothing, dear, I'm gaining everything. Don't you know that love is woman's whole existence?... Ah, here we are; take me to King Daffodil's box first, he's the only horse I really want to see. His fate was in our hands; now ours is in his, isn't it?"

Billy loomed in the distance as they entered the box; he loomed on the horizon like a thundercloud.

He entered the stable after them, touched the scrubby tuft of hair that grew on his forehead, and stood silently watching, disapproval on every feature of his wrinkled face.

"Who is that?" Dolores whispered.

"Bilby—interfering old fool. Head lad—sort of

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3 by 4	3 by 4	21 1s. 6d.	21 1s. 6d.
3 by 5	3 by 5	21 1s. 6d.	21 1s. 6d.
4 by 4	4 by 4	21 1s. 6d.	21 1s. 6d.

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SCOTCH or Aberdeen Terriers, 4gs.; pups, 2gs.—Major Richardson, Carnoustie, Scotland.
SPLENDID Singing Norfolk or Yorkshire Canaries, 3s. 6d. each, or 10 for 1s. 6d. also pairs and odd hens for immediate breeding, talking parrots, etc.; price list free.—W. Rudd, Bird Specialist, Norwich.

(Continued on page 13.)

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Strong hands, steadfast courage, cool brains, and calm reason, just now, when the destiny of The East is hanging in the balance. So the world should do as the Britons do and drink - - -

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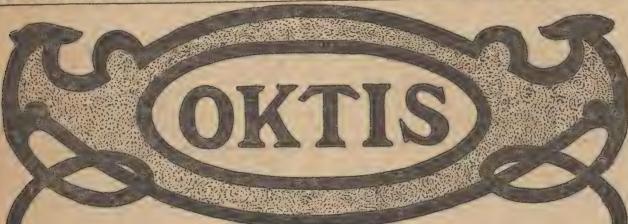
Fortunately this universally favourite cup is within the easy reach of all, for the very best "MAYPOLE" TEA costs - - -

ONLY **1/8** A LB.

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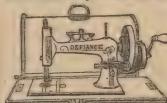
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"VEDA" BISCUITS I do like them

ELEGANT DESIGNS FOR AFTERNOON GOWNS OF CEREMONY—PICTURES ON SILK.

A WOMAN FAN PAINTER.
WORKS OF ART EXECUTED ON
TAFFETAS.

Not many years ago the only representative of the painted fan was that made of white gauze decorated with solid-looking flowers. Then the mania for the antique drew attention to the exquisite fans of the eighteenth century, when such artists as Charles Lebrun, Mignard, and Lemoine were not ashamed to use their talent on behalf of their beautification. There are also fans in the possession of curio-hunters actually signed by Watteau, Lancret, and Greuze, and those who visited the Spanish exhibition held at the Guildhall a few years ago may also remember one by the delightful Spanish artist Fortuny.

A revival in fan-painting has of late years taken place, showing results worthy to hold a place with these former gems of art. The master of the craft is, of course, Mr. Charles Conder, but there are also some women artists who are experts in this way. Mrs. Murray Robertson is one of them. Her work has a very feminine touch about it that is delightful.

A Curious Medium.

Mrs. Murray Robertson's fans are painted on taffetas silk in soft, warm tones that look as though they had been already mellowed by age. Some love topic is, as of yore, generally chosen, and music is another very favourite theme. The subject is frequently carried right across the fan, and an almost equally popular arrangement is to have the figure-part of the design framed in a medallion in the centre of the fan, and surrounded by faintly coloured wreaths of flowers and decorations in the French style.

Fan-painting such as this is by no means an easy art, indeed, it needs not only a special gift, but a thoroughly technical training. Mr. Conder, who is so peculiarly successful, was a finished painter before he even attempted it, and Mrs. Robertson has had a varied experience at several art schools, and when she began to paint fans had the good fortune to work under Mr. Conder himself.

Her fans are a delight to her, and she says she has never enjoyed any other painting so much. Under these circumstances they could hardly fail to be a success. Taffetas is, of course, a very curious medium on which to work, and it was some time before Mrs. Robertson was able to get used to it. Many of the fans are never placed on sticks, but are put in cardboard mounts and framed to hang on the wall, thus forming charming pictures.

Names Given to the Fans.

Composition is, of course, one of the hardest items in fan-painting. It is most difficult to arrange the subject on a fan so as not to leave the corners of the leaf empty and bare. This art of arrangement comes with experience, but it is also in Mrs. Robertson's case the result of a careful study of antique examples. She will go anywhere to see a good specimen of an eighteenth century fan, for it is only by studying the works of others, says Mrs. Robertson, that one can avoid the countless errors into which one would fall if one form a ground work from which to take flights of imagination.

Fan-painting encourages a taste for painting on textile fabrics, and Mrs. Robertson has a great idea of introducing painted dresses, not merely with conventionally painted flowers in sprays, but with quaint all-over designs like the delightful old gowns.

Her fans are all given titles like pictures. For instance, one is "Au Pays Bleu," in which a blue couple bid tender adieu in the midst of a blue landscape. It certainly adds to the dignity of a work of art to name it.

PERFUMES FOR MOODS.

SCENTS THAT INDUCE DEPRESSION.

Now that the majority of women have agreed that toilette colour schemes are sufficiently important to be considered, a discussion concerning the use of perfumes with those schemes has begun, and a very important one it is. For instance, it is asserted by those who have made a study of the topic that unless a proper scent is chosen the effect of the gown will be disagreeable alike to the wearer and to its beholders, while, on the other hand, when

the requisite odour is known and worn the beauty of the frock will receive due appreciation.

A heavy aroma—one in which musk and patchouli have been used as a sort of foundation—will produce the most depressing effect on certain natures, and will frequently induce drowsiness and a sort of indifference to the general trend of affairs. Hence only people with determined natures and strongly-marked personalities should ever indulge in their fondness for perfumes of this description.

A penetrating, spicy scent will, when used by one of a retiring disposition and delicate constitution, act as a spur to greater effort. When utilised by persons who are already surcharged with nervous energy, the effect is just the opposite, and, in fact, is most disastrous. Some people are made positively ill by the cloying aroma of heliotrope, while others just as fervently dislike wallflower. Laven-

POWDER TRINKET CASES.

EFFICACIOUS SUPPORTS FOR LACE COLLARS.

Fanciful designs in jewellery are becoming more and more liked, and the greater the variety of picturesque trinkets that the girl of the period can possess the greater is she pleased. Much of the jewellery to-day serves a useful purpose in addition to its ornamental value, and many of the prettiest and most artistic articles are comparatively inexpensive.

A new device that is sure to appeal to every girl who wears transparent stocks is a set of collar supports in silver or gold designed to be placed on



The dress on the left is made of the new bleu morte coloured cashmere, with entrelace and flounces of white lace, and the one on the right is a chestnut brown voile robe, decorated with ochre lace and a little fancy velvet on the corsage.

der and eau de Cologne are the two odours that almost everyone admires.

Quite as important as the choice of a perfume is the method of using it, for no matter how delicate the odour and how pleasant its use may seem, no really considerate person will ever affix her associates with more than a suggestion of her choice. Thus strong extracts will be utilised for but few purposes, such as a trifle added to distilled water as a means of perfuming the hair with the aid of a spray. The odour preferred is sprayed on the hair just at the moment that the drying process has been completed after a shampoo, and the result is that the tresses exhale the faintest trace of perfume.

For use in gowns every modiste provides the daintiest of sachet bags. Coat-hangers are also adorned in the same way, while handkerchief boxes, glove boxes, receptacles for linen and lingerie, are always either provided with very large sachet bags or else are lined with sheets of cotton sprinkled with the powder.

the inner side of the lace collar to keep it upright. Unless stiffened in some way the average detachable stock collar of lace or some other transparent material is apt to drop after a little wear, and these supports are asserted to overcome the difficulty.

Pearls continue to be highly favoured, and the pendant is one of the most effective of the forms in which it is displayed, the grape design of three pearls, all of different colours, being many votaries. Dog-collars have been in vogue for a very long time, but there does not seem to be any decrease in their popularity. Lattices and sprays of diamonds and pearls are, however, more truly smart.

The vanity case—in other words, a receptacle for a tiny powder-puff and mirror—is made in different forms, but the latest is the watch. It is a handy and compact little trinket, and just now takes precedence of the silver or gold walnuts and barrels which hitherto have been the particularly admired powder trinket cases.

LOST IN THE WINNING.

(Continued from page 11.)

"No, not with you," she replied slowly. "What a strong, firm grip you have, Arthur!"

"I feel strong when I am alone with you; nothing will ever worry me or have any terror for me whilst you are by my side, so long as I know that you love me."

"And you do know it, now," she whispered, lifting her face close to his.

He stopped, and bent down to press his lips to those red, inviting ones, trembling like a half-open flower that the breeze has struck.

But Dolores put up her hand. "No, you mustn't do it," she looked down the path anxiously, as if still fearful of being observed.

"Why—why won't you let me kiss you? No one can see us now, we are alone, quite alone here,

Dolores. . . . It is so long since I touched your lips on mine, felt your heart beating close to mine," "Not since that day on the river—that wonderful day," she breathed softly.

He nodded. "The happiest day of my life."

"And mine. When you kissed me then your kiss ran from my lips right down into my heart and awoke Love, who had always slept till then."

"Isn't he in danger of falling asleep again?" he asked, bending towards her.

But she still held him off.

"If someone saw us—if you—if Miss Maybrick saw us, what would she think of me? She knows who I am, she knows that I am—married—that I have no right—"

"No right," Merrick cried passionately. "You mustn't say that, you mustn't think it. It isn't just or fair; love gives you the right, love gives me the right. I claim it, I demand it. Who is it that stands between us? A dissolute, drunken brute

whom you've scarcely seen, whom you hardly know. Neither his heart nor his lips have been joined to yours, both are free, and you've given both to me; they belong to me."

"No, not yet," she whispered, struggling to free herself; but he held her in a grip of iron.

His sudden passion and strength surprised Dolores, alarmed her. She hadn't deemed him capable of such overpowering emotion.

And he was awakening an emotion, a passion in her breast which she had not deemed herself capable of—an emotion and a passion that frightened her.

She felt for the first time in her life like a ship under full sail being suddenly carried away out to an unknown sea, adrift in a wild storm of tempestuous feelings.

Love, so long locked a silent prisoner in her heart, was having his revenge.

(To be continued.)

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As Sketch
10/6



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Local Tailors Thunderstruck.

Marchwell Hall, Wrexham.
Sirs.—The Suit to please. I must say I am more than pleased with it, and I am beginning how it is done. I took it into Wrexham and showed it to our tailor and asked him his opinion of it. He said, "It is a very good fit and well finished; in fact, he gave it a great praise." I told me to add more to me, and I said, "I will give it for £10." I showed him the cost and he was astounded, and again examined it, but was still of the same opinion. I said in future have my clothes made at your establishment, and hope you will give me more satisfaction. I have recommended Curzon Bros. to all I know and hope they have written for patterns. Do you stock white duck trousers, and what is the cost for three pairs?—I am, sirs, your faithfully,
(Signed) WALTER WOOLLET.

As Good as a £3 Suit.

30, Queen-street, St. Helens, Lancs.
Dear Sirs.—I received the suit all right, and am very well satisfied, am surprised how you can turn them out at the price. Think they are equal to what I have paid up to £3 for. Shall consider yours in future.—I remain yours truly,
(Signed) A. GREGSON.

As Good as New After Three Years.

9, Ancester-road, Southampton
Dear Sirs.—The suit of clothes (21s.) I had of you three years ago, I have been wearing for next until August 19 last (when I had to go into black for my father); it is as good as new now, and was absolutely a perfect fit.

I only want a pair of trousers now, for which I enclose 8s.
(Signed) J. LAMPARD.

Rhonda Tailors Charge £3.3s.

86, Maddox-street,
Rhonda Valley.
Dear Sirs.—Please keep my measurements, only put inch longer in legs of trousers. I am very pleased with the suit, I think it is splendid value for the money? the Rhonda tailors would charge three guineas for the suit I received. I am, yours truly,
(Signed) DAVID WALES.

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